

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FRANK LESLIE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 791—Vol. XXXI.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

NATIVE AND FOREIGN WINES, AND OTHER LIQUORS.

THE effect of the European war upon the wine question comes home to the stomachs and the pockets of many in this and other lands who are accustomed largely to rely on the vintage of France and Germany. The withdrawal of millions of men from their ordinary pursuits in both countries, along with the fact that vast quantities of wine and brandy prepared for shipment are being "absorbed" by the armies on both sides, indicate

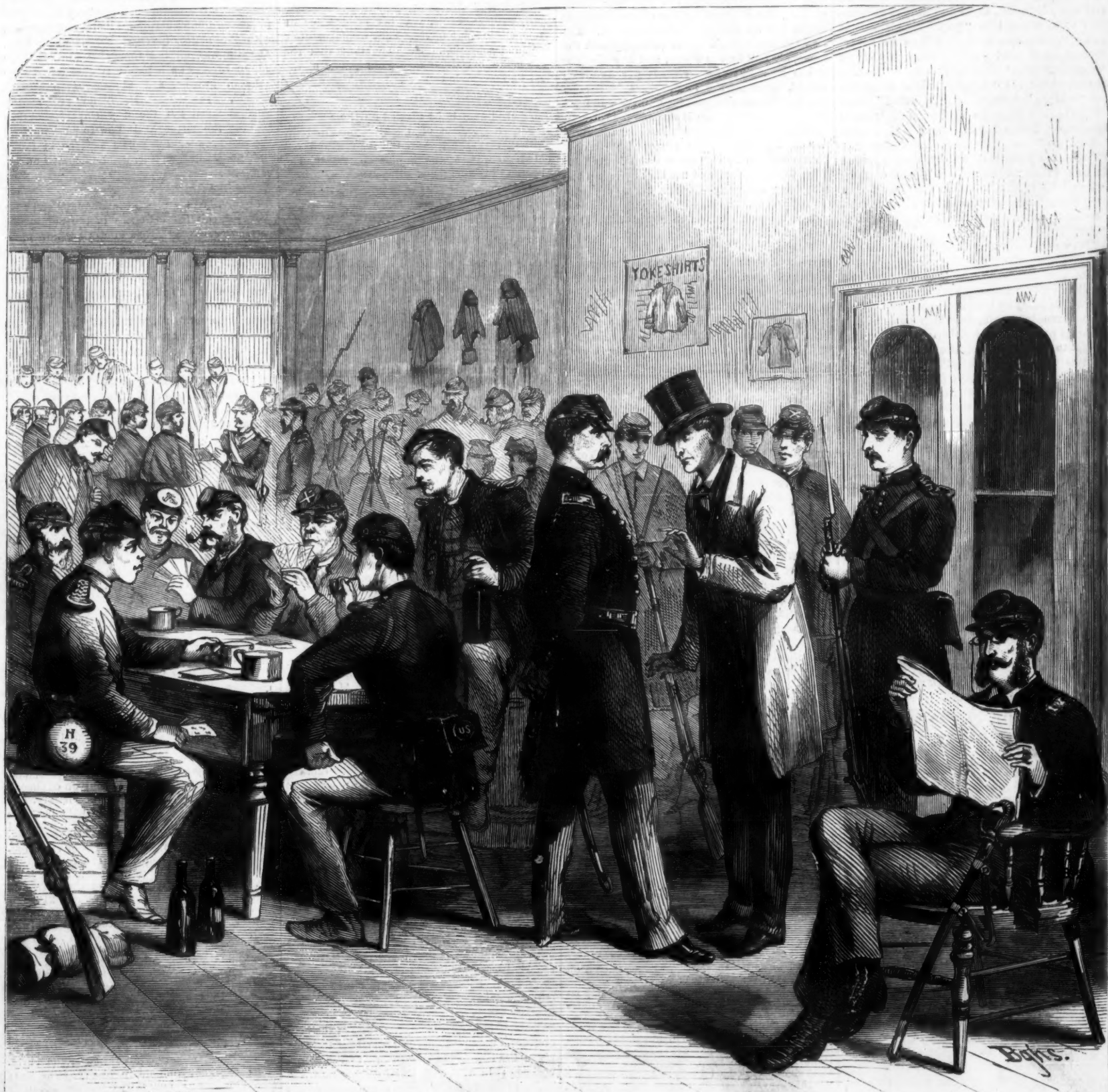
that the American and other markets must fail of receiving the usual supplies for a few seasons.

So far as this country is concerned, the effect will probably be useful in turning the attention of our people to our domestic manufacturers in this branch of business. The progress in American wine-growing is one of the features of the times. The California coast is now producing wines of various kinds that may well be used as substitutes for some of the best foreign brands. The wines from Ohio and Missouri, produced mostly on or near

the great rivers whose names they bear, have had longer trial, and "wear their honors well," as they are likely to "wear them long"—for improvements in the manufacture are rendering them more and more worthy of patronage. In naming these three great sources of domestic supply, we do not mean to ignore the fact that good wines are to be found even closer to the seaboard. The reputation of some produced along the Hudson and around certain lakes in Western New York, for instance, entitles them to "honorable mention" in the wine-lists of our hotels and in the cellars of *bon vivants*, as

well as to families desiring a pure article—"the real juice of the grape."

If wine-drinkers could generally be made to know the enormous frauds perpetrated in reference to "foreign" wines, they would prefer to encourage our native wine-producers. Even physicians and clergymen yet cling traditionally to "port wine" for the sick-chamber and the communion-table; and that sort of stuff may be found in almost every grocery in the land—though probably not one bottle of real "port" can be found among thousands that are sold under the name—the district produc-



COMPANIES OF FIRST REGIMENT (U. S.) ARTILLERY, QUARTERED IN BUILDING 394 BROADWAY, DURING THE HOLDING OF THE ELECTION, NOVEMBER 8, 1870—U. S. MARSHAL CONFERRING WITH OFFICER IN COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 163.

ing the foreign article being incapable of supplying even the single city of London. "Champagne" is in similar situation—as is obvious from a glance at the baskets in which the fraudulent stuff is distributed to corner grocers and grog-shops all around our cities. The newness of the packages, and other signs about them, prove conclusively that the only "voyage" they made was from the "vine factories," in secluded garrets or cellars about town, where not even good cider or gooseberry-juice is used for manufacturing the article—the rhubarb or pie-plant, and other less desirable things, being much used in making the stuff most largely sold in this and other places under the attractive name of "champagne"! It would be a curious inquiry to examine the wine-bills of many hotels, for the purpose of seeing the portions of "port," "champagne," and "madeira" that come from foreign countries or from neighboring "factories." As for the last-named article, who that knows about the destruction of vineyards in the island of Madeira will believe that a thousandth part of the liquid labeled with its name ever came from that afflicted vine-region? So also with what is called "sherry," whether "pale" or otherwise—what is sold under that name is largely spurious.

The adulterations of all sorts of fiery liquors, down to the villainous compounds commonly called "red-eye" and "stone-fence," indicate what is done in the way of manufacturing wines. Comparatively high-priced as they are, the "wines" are the things which refined swindlers like best to operate with. When rhubarb-juice, and other similar extracts, can be quickly turned into "choice brands of champagne," at one or two dollars a bottle, and when logwood, sugar and whisky can convert plain water into "port" for sick-rooms and communion-service, as well as for the tables of hotels and families, it is only vulgar "manufacturers" that will stoop to making the fire-water too commonly sold and guzzled as "whisky"—ostensibly "imported" from all sorts of distilleries in Scotland, Ireland, Western Pennsylvania, and Kentucky. "Bourbon" is just now the fashionable name for all sorts of whisky, such as used to be sold as "Monongahela"—and of them it may be said that sufficient spurious liquors are sold annually to cover out of sight the distilleries from which they are falsely alleged to come.

But we suppose what has been will continue to be—at least to a large extent and for a long time. Roses by other names would of course smell as sweet; and any sensible person who chooses to fancy he is swigging genuine foreign wines, brandies or gin, for which he is paying first-rate prices in big hotels or elsewhere, has a right to cherish the delusion, and to ridicule his less fashionable neighbors who prefer to patronize our native vineyards rather than the cellars and garrets where the "choicest brands" of "foreign wines" are manufactured from detestable compounds.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks	1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

SCIENCE AND ENTERPRISE VS. MONOPOLY.

SCIENCE, enterprise and capital are now happily combining to frustrate one of the most audacious monopolizing schemes of the age. People who have been sweating and groaning under the inflictions of the ice-monopoly during the last scorching summer will rejoice to learn that the evil is now causing its own cure.

The enormous profits of the ice-trade, on comparatively small investments, have aroused enterprising men to combine in new companies, which cannot all be bought off by the old monopolists. Arrangements are in active progress, in various places, for supplying our great cities, at reasonable rates, with the icy luxury that Nature furnishes for the mere cost of gathering, from our lakes and rivers, during the winter season. This matter concerns all the cities along the Atlantic coast particularly—from New York to New Orleans—for the monopolists acquired controlling influence between these points to an extent that will no longer be tolerated.

Movements in New York and New Orleans, to which we briefly referred recently, may be taken as specimens of what is being done elsewhere. The proprietors of sundry prominent

New York hotels—among the largest consumers of ice—have combined with others in forming a company that will produce salutary competition in this and some other towns—for supplies usually go hence for several cities. Their arrangements for cutting and storing large supplies promise something like fair play hereafter in the ice-trade, so that people hereabouts may now hope for cheap and plentiful supplies of natural ice, irrespective of the quantities that may be manufactured by a cheap and easy process.

Similar associations are said to have been lately formed, or are now in process of organization, in other places, and ice-traders of New England and the New Dominion are preparing to supply the commodity more widely and cheaply.

But, as intimated by our allusion to manufactured ice, the public will not much longer have to depend on the natural sources for their icy comforts, even though furnished at far lower rates than at present. Science is now happily co-operating in the good work, by showing how to manufacture ice on any scale, large or small, at very low rates. The efficiency of the new ice-making company in New Orleans is already demonstrated by successful competition with the old monopolists who have hitherto controlled supplies and prices in that city, as well as in New York. We are told that the ice manufactured in New Orleans is excellent—furnished in slabs that are afterward frozen together to make any desirable thickness—more convenient for use than the natural article, as the layers are readily pried apart when wanted for use.

The cost to consumers—an essential point—is, wonderful to relate, less than one-quarter of the price charged by the old monopolists before the ice factory was established! The New Orleans manufacturers promptly took the monopoly bull by the horns, and supplied the article at about seventy cents per hundred-weight, whereas the monopolists had been charging three dollars—four times more for the natural article than is charged for the artificial! The effect is said to have been instantaneous last winter, the monopolists having been compelled to "come down" in their price to customers, and not for buying up the competing company—though, before competition appeared, it was said that the article could not be afforded for less money in a Southern city.

We gladly welcome this evidence of enterprise in the South, and hope it will stimulate the formation of companies for manufacturing other articles as well as ice.

Ice-making apparatus, of which specimens are shown operating at the foundry and in fairs, can be readily obtained now for making any desired quantity, for supplying dwellings, hotels, shipping, or cities. The example of New Orleans is conclusive about the practicability and value of the new manufacture. And that example will not be powerless, sustained as it is by such a testimonial to the feasibility of the plan as was furnished at the late great Fair of the American Institute in New York. Professor Silliman, on that occasion, mentioned the ice-making apparatus first among the valuable inventions exhibited in practical operation during that exhibition—"producing seven pounds of ice by the combustion of one pound of coal"—"accomplishing a seeming paradox in the production of ice by the application of heat." Horace Greeley clinched the argument in his usual practical common-sense way, in his remarks as President of the Institute. Referring to this ice-making improvement as "the great feature" of the American Institute Fair, he spoke of it as a matter of "practical and solid utility," which has grown up from small beginnings (ice-cream, for instance, having been made in factories for years by steam-power), until to-day you may make, in an atmosphere of seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, a ton of solid ice for only five dollars.

"Nor does this invention stop there," said Mr. Greeley. "This day there are more than three million cattle roaming over the prairies of Texas, which have been there produced without human labor, and which are sold there for less than one-third of their value in New York. If the means existed for slaughtering those cattle in Texas, and bringing the meat and hides fresh to this city in perfect condition for use, those cattle would be worth double what they are now, and we should be supplied with fresh beef in this city for fifty per cent. less than we now pay for it. To this result this ice manufacture is probably to contribute. Instead of sending to this city herds of tortured, feverish cattle, such as are now brought here, the means are to be provided by science for bringing all this meat in less than half the bulk, and with two-thirds the power, to this city, in perfect condition, to be dealt out and eaten by our people. Our beef is to come from Texas and from Colorado, where, a few days ago, from fields so brown and desolate, you would say no animal could possibly find grazing on them, I saw a train of cattle gathered up each day, and sent on to feed the people of these Eastern States. There will be ten trains a day, within a few years, coming from that region; and if we can but develop from this invention the means of bringing beef in perfect condition to be eaten, directly from those dry, high, airy plains—the best place in the world for slaughtering cattle—we shall double the value of the herds there, and diminish the cost of feeding our people here."

When reflecting on the prevalent demand for

ice as a necessary of life, and considering the immensely increased extent to which it will be used when cheaply furnished, we may set down this revolution in the ice trade as one of the most comforting events for households generally, at all seasons and in all climates—an event of increased importance in the lesson it teaches also to monopolists in other branches of business.

At a reception given by Mrs. E. G. Squier, at her residence on Thirty-ninth street, on Thursday last, a distinguished party assembled, comprising the elite of society and many of the lights of the literary, critical, and artistic world. The reception was mainly given to introduce Mme. Rose Cailag, the celebrated European prima-donna, recently arrived here, to New York society. Mme. Rose Cailag is a celebrity long recognized by the press of Europe as one of the finest dramatic lyric artists now before the public. She has held the leading positions at the great opera-houses of Europe, and for five years past has helped to sustain the fortunes of the Italian opera in London. There is no question as to her status in the world of art. On the occasion to which we refer, she exhibited her powers in a gracious manner, and proved the greatness and versatility of her style. Her selections were varied, taking a range from Mozart and Meyerbeer to Verdi and the national songs of her country, all of which she sang with rare artistic excellence, and breadth and grandeur of effect. She has a large and powerful dramatic voice, and in her emphatic and intense manner she reminds us of Patti in her best days. Her efforts were thoroughly appreciated by the elegant company which surrounded her; and the opinion generally expressed was, that her appearance on the operatic stage of New York would create a profound sensation. We understand that she will make her debut before our public at the first Philharmonic concert.

We are happy to be assured on the authority of a correspondent of a daily contemporary, writing from Strasbourg, that the grand old Cathedral was, after all, only slightly injured during the recent siege. He says:

"I must, however, say a word about the Cathedral—the noblest work of human hands that I have seen as yet—and reassure those of your readers who are interested in it as to its fate. As architecture is the fine art in which I take most interest, I naturally cared more about the Cathedral than I did about the besieging operations, of which I understood but little. I was not satisfied, therefore, until I had made complete examination of the building, inside and out, as my time permitted, and I take great pleasure in assuring you that there is no damage done to the building that money, and comparatively little, will not repair. Nothing that would require the aid of genius or uncommon talent to repair is so much as touched, unless it be one small window in the directory, near the organ, which is broken badly. But all the rest of the old glass was early removed from the windows and put into the crypt; the organ is badly smashed, in the upper part, but the old parts are not touched, and the instrument can be easily restored to its former condition. The mechanical clock is not hurt at all, and is only not going, for want of being wound up. The old sacristan assured me that no great harm had been done, much less on the whole than has several times been done by lightning—to the outside, I mean. A bomb has struck one of the grand old Byzantine pillars of the choir, but the wound is hardly noticeable in the mighty mass. The exterior of the Cathedral has suffered far more than the interior, and indeed it looks serious at the first glance when one sees the heaps of stone upon the pavement thrown down from the mountain pile, and the great roof of the nave entirely consumed—not a stick nor timber left; but, really, there is nothing to cry about. Not a cubic inch of any of the beautiful carving is gone, not a statue touched, excepting one of the bishops who has fallen—the upper half of him—from a canopied niche in the facade, and whose trunk lies on the pavement, the head and hands having been prudently carried away by some early bird. All the harm that is done, and 'tis not of great extent, is to the merely mechanical part of the ornamentation, and is what any clever stone-cutter can restore under the architect's direction. A great deal of restoration, and good restoration, too, has already been put upon Strasbourg Cathedral, which, as everybody knows, has suffered a thousand times more from the French in the old revolution than ever it did from the Prussians or from lightning. The ruin the French wrought was ruin for they destroyed the beautiful statues of the porches by hundreds, and wanted to destroy the spire itself. Baedeker says it was only preserved by somebody putting on it a Phrygian cap made of tin. Every gothic building that has a groined roof has, as you know, a timber roof outside to shed the rain and protect the interior mason-work, for all these groined roofs are made of comparatively small stones. It is only this false roof that is burned off in Strasbourg, and it is only one job more for the city carpenters to replace it."

That great, meretricious, barbaric pile, the new opera-house of Paris, has been "inaugurated" in a manner not contemplated by its projectors. It has been converted into a great military depot. In the first place, it being known that there was a large supply of water below, an immense cavity was cut in the concrete, and a great reservoir formed for the supply of the engines in case of fire in the neighborhood; in the compartments beneath the stage are stored a strange assortment of objects—first, all the books and manuscripts belonging to the opera, and secondly, all kinds of provisions, except hay and straw, and immense

quantities of ammunition of all sorts, except powder—wheat, oats, flour, preserved meats, and wine, sufficient to supply the army for a month; mountains of balls, and quantities of equipments. Hundreds of railway vans were emptied into it. On the main floor is established a hospital, above this a huge kitchen for the preparation of soldiers' soup, while on the roof, in front of Apollo, and between the Pegasus and the Muses, are erected an observatory, a semaphore and electric light. Such is the inauguration of the somewhat tawdry and overgrown temple of music and dancing. The imperial carriage-way was found vastly useful in conveying the beds for the wounded to the main floor, and the imperial pavilion forms an admirable dispensary.

New money is about to be coined in France, on which M. Charles Blanc has written a letter. He claims for the coin of a country the importance of a national monument, and protests against anything of an inferior character being produced, and that it should not be disfigured by the effigy of any individual, and adds: "No artist of Corinth, Athens, Syracuse, etc., would have consented to have struck such a figure as that which for twenty years has made the press groan in France." He demands that France "should cause to disappear from circulation the head of a man who, having drawn the barbarians upon us, capitulated to them. The continuance of that laureled head would be a scandal. . . . 'Are those the laurels of Sedan which encircle the head of the Cæsar of yesterday?' It would be asked. . . . The coins that circulate from hand to hand should not exhibit an image which is so offensive." M. Blanc proposes the adoption of the die of the second Dupré—Hercules between Liberty and Equality, with the motto, *Union et Force*, cut in 1792. The die was altered somewhat in 1849; the Cap of Liberty on a pike was changed for the hand of Justice, and the motto to *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*. M. Blanc prefers the original form, but the new Government has adopted the latter; it is now to be seen at all the windows of the police stations in Paris, and, nonsensical as it is, will be adopted on the coin also.

FRENCH has long been the language of polite society in all the countries of the continent; but in Germany vigorous efforts are now making to abolish this custom, and in so doing honor the mother-tongue. Certain ladies of Berlin have formed a society, which meets for the purpose of making lint, and they have instituted a custom of fining every member who uses French phrases at the rate of three cents a word, the amount collected being turned over for the benefit of the wounded. At the very first meeting three thalers in fines were exacted, principally because many of the ladies could not remember, in addressing each other, to use the plain and honest German "*Frau*" instead of the French "*Madame*."

AGITATION—OCTOBER.

SOME are agitated on that subject which is the crowning point in social and domestic life, marriage; some, on the grand display of tolls, composed of the costly fabrics wrought by the tiny fingers of Italian and Turkish maidens, while all have some subject to engage their thoughts. Some of the females keep up the agitation by claiming the right to administer the government of our country, or assist in making its laws; others wish the management of mercantile or agricultural affairs, and forget the home circle, where so much that is pure and holy centres.

The solid earth, in our latitude, has also been agitated, so that some of our hitherto quiet citizens have rushed out of their doors much affrighted. Pictures and other pendent articles moved to and fro, and clocks refused to move. The heavens have also been unusually agitated, shooting-stars, meteors, and the aurora borealis have kept up the agitation through the night, and without doubt, during the day; and if we can credit the newspapers, Massachusetts has been specially favored in witnessing the meeting of two auroral clouds, causing an explosion that shook the houses, etc., in the vicinity.

All these subjects of agitation have been observed during the month of October, just passed. There have been similar ones in the temperature, humidity and weight of the atmosphere, in the same month. The temperature has varied from 36° to 77° Fah., a range of 41°. Between 7 o'clock A.M. of the 18th and 7 A.M. of the 19th the mercury fell 21°, the greatest change in twenty-four hours in the month. At 9 o'clock P.M. of the 19th, 20th, and 21st, the thermometer indicated 54°. On the 3d there was a variation of only 1.2° from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M. The mean temperature for the month was 58°, which is warmer than any October since 1861. It was 8.41° warmer than October 1866, and 6.41° warmer than October 1869.

The humidity of the atmosphere has also been agitated, for it has varied from 7.2° to 89.3°, a range of 82.1°. From 7 A.M. to 2 P.M. of the 18th, a period of 7 hours, the variation was 52.5°, from damp to dry. The least variation for 7 hours was on the 3d, only 5.6°. The mean humidity for the month was 53.2°, showing that the air was a little more than half saturated, at the same time constantly changing: so in the quantity of rain. At one

time 2.63 inches fell in 23 1-3 hours, while at another only 0.12 inches fell in 12 hours. The amount that fell during the month was 5.72 inches, which is 1.35 inches more than the average for the same month in the previous ten years. Rain fell on 13 days, but on some of them it was in an inappreciable quantity.

The weight of the atmosphere as indicated by the barometer was subject to the same law of agitation that the temperature and humidity were. The highest was 30.402 inches, and the lowest 29.347 inches, a range of 1.055 inches for the month. This range is a little less than it was in the months of January and March, but greater than the other preceding months of the year. The greatest daily variation in 24 hours was 6.53 inches on the 30th and 31st. The least daily variation was 0.022 inches on the 9th.

DIABETES.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

THERE are few diseases in the whole catalogue of ills that flesh is heir to that demand our sympathy more than diabetes, for it attacks its victims when apparently in the full flush of health, and unnoticed, gradually goes on undermining the strength and destroying the constitution, until the attention is too late drawn to an already far-advanced disease.

In the cases that have fallen under my own notice, without exception all but one were unusually robust, plethoric, rosy-cheeked persons, weighing from one hundred and eighty to two hundred and ten pounds.

Formerly there were two kinds of diabetes recognized, viz., the simple and the saccharine. The former is, however, so rare a disease, as to scarcely deserve consideration; indeed, it may be doubted if it actually exists. The complaint is simply an increase in the quantity of water passed. This in the normal condition is about two and a half pints in twenty-four hours, varying greatly with the weather; i. e., the correlative perspiration, the quantity drank and the condition of the health—as in many complaints, especially in nervous affections such as hysteria, it is often greatly increased.

In diabetes, on the other hand, the quantity is often forty pints a day, twelve to twenty are not uncommon, while instances are recorded of two hundred pints in twenty-four hours.

The first evidence of the presence of sugar is gained from its density—distilled water having a specific gravity of 1000; normal urine, of from 1015 to 1025; diabetic fluid from 1040 to 1050. This is shown by many chemical tests to be sugar, and a faint smell, like new-mown hay or sweet apples, characterizes it.

With this density and ten pints a day, the solid ingredients passed daily amount to one pound of solid material.

When this enormous loss is considered, we are prepared for the distressing symptoms characterizing this disease—the hunger, intense thirst, general wasting, feeling of emptiness and sinking in the stomach, aching and weariness in the limbs, aversion to exercise, loss of virility, depression of spirits, peevishness, loss of temper, etc. A peculiar, faint odor to the breath, but oppressive and ill-borne by visitors, is also generally present, accompanied by redness of the interior of the mouth, sponginess of the gums, and looseness of the teeth.

Sugar is not at all to be found in healthy urine. After death from diabetes, there is no marked disease of the kidneys discoverable. Indeed, there is no observable organic lesion. Where, then, is this sugar formed? Certainly not by the kidneys, which serve only to pass it off from the system. It is apparently due to some imperfection in the action of the digestive organs, whereby the chemical transformation of the food into healthy chyle is interfered with, and sugar is formed by transmutation of the starchy ingredients. That which should be converted into muscle, blood, bone and membrane, is turned to sugar and hurried out of the system. This we know from the general disturbance of the stomach; but why this is done cannot be told.

The treatment as indicated by this fact, from a chemically scientific standpoint, is corroborated by its practical efficiency upon trial.

We are, first, to restore the defective power of the digestive apparatus; second, to cut off, as much as possible, the supply of material capable of being turned into sugar, as well as sugar itself; third, to mitigate the most distressing symptoms. Could we certainly effect the first object, the remainder would take care of themselves.

I have found most happy effects from those aids to digestion previously mentioned in this series of articles, wherein pepsin, powdered rhubarb and bismuth and carbonate of soda were given in combination at every meal. Pepsin is also to be added in a one-eighth grain dose, if there be tendency to constipation. Occasionally a mild mercurial may stimulate the liver, too torpid to assimilate the excess of sugar which, unchanged, passes through its too coarse sieve. Minute doses of strychnine will also be frequently found beneficial.

But attempts at cure are not to be made solely by medicine. There is probably an ulterior cause behind the stomach, and this, perhaps, is an overworked brain. When I told a gentleman last week, "You must give up work, and go to the country for relaxation and for renewed vigor," he said, in reply: "You mean I must go to protest." "As to that," I replied, "I cannot say; but I protest against your remaining here a day longer."

It is vain to attempt to cure dyspepsia in any form with an overworked brain, where care sits brooding. Change of scene, air, and, most important, change of thought, are all-important.

Next, we must so regulate the diet that no sugar, or even the materials convertible into sugar, will enter into the stomach. This is en-

tirely within the patient's own control, and he must remember that all food containing either sugar, starch or gum are absolutely and entirely prohibited. Coffee, tea and lemonade should be drunk without sugar. Literally, no sugar must be put into the stomach.

The following dietary has been given by the most distinguished of European writers on this topic:

Breakfast—Rasher of bacon, beefsteak, chop, or eggs, with bran bread, or slices of white bread, cut rather less than a quarter of an inch thick, and toasted so as to be brown throughout, no white, unchanged bread being left in the middle. Coffee, tea or cocoa (to be ground at home), with milk.

Dinner (in the middle of the day)—Fresh meat, poultry, or fish of any kind (no flour used in cooking or gravies). All vegetables freely, except potatoes, carrots, parsnips, celery, beets and artichokes, and such others as are sweet. Currants, tomatoes, cucumbers, with vinegar to taste. No fruits, except lemons. "Omelette aux fins herbes," for puddings or custards; blanc-mange, made without flour or sugar; bran bread and cheese, with lettuce and watercresses.

Tea—Like breakfast, omitting the meat. **Supper** (at 9 P.M.)—Bran bread and butter, a basin of rice and milk, without sugar, or sandwich of meat and toasted bread.

The bran bread spoken of is made as follows: Place one pound of wheat bran in an oven, and bake it for a quarter of an hour, then, while still warm and crisp, transfer it to a pepper or coffee-mill, and rapidly grind it. Put the ground bran into a basin, and mix with it half a pound of fresh butter, the yolks of six eggs, a drachm of bicarbonate of soda, and milk enough to make into a paste, then divide into thin cakes, and bake rapidly in a quick oven. With fresh butter or cheese, these cakes are much relished for luncheon, etc.

As might be supposed, in one passing such immense quantities of water daily intense thirst is a prominent symptom, and one not easily controlled. Claret wine, hard cider and old ale, in which all the sugar has been converted into carbonic acid gas and evaporated, and into alcohol, are especially to be used when stimulation is necessary. Sour milk, bonny-clabber, alum whey, are grateful and nutritious. The wine made by a New York company (called rhus wine) from the sumach berries, is especially useful. It must be old, and entirely free from sugar. The acid is very grateful, and the tannic acid, in which it especially abounds, is an active tonic for both the stomach and kidneys. It may be drunk very freely—one or two bottles a day—as the alcohol is very small in quantity.

Diabetes is usually a chronic complaint, running on several years, and not unfrequently terminating in consumption. Occasionally it assumes the rapidity of an acute disease. A persistent anti-saccharine treatment is quite often followed by permanent cure, and always markedly relieves the patient for a more or less temporary period, and every deviation from this strict diet is immediately manifest.

I can give but a sketch of this complaint in the brief limits of this article, and have endeavored to pay especial attention to that portion immediately under the control of the patient himself—which is, in fact, the most important part of the treatment.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE NEW ELECTION LAW.

On the night of Monday, the 7th inst., several companies of United States troops were marched into the city and placed, without attracting the attention of citizens, at various eligible points, so that, in the event of there being any concerted effort made to obstruct the marshals and inspectors in their duties, they could be quickly summoned to the scene of the disturbance, to suppress riot and arrest rioters. About nine o'clock in the evening before the day named six companies of the First Regiment United States Artillery silently marched up Broadway to Reade street; thence, with overcoats and blankets, and armed with muskets, each man having with him the regulation supply of cartridges, they entered the main entrance of the building No. 394 Broadway, and were conducted to the upper stories, where they were ordered to remain, but under no circumstance were they to present themselves at the windows, or attempt by the stairway egress to the street. As compensation for this restraint, they were permitted to enjoy themselves, provided they made no unnecessary noise. An engraving on the first page illustrates the scene. The United States troops were under the command of General Hunt. A contemporary says: "The men wore their overcoats, and had their blankets slung over their shoulders in true campaign style. These troops were under command of General Hunt, and crossing Broadway in a few seconds, suddenly disappeared from view. They were safely quartered in the upper portion of a building in Reade street, and remained there all day in readiness for any movement calculated to disturb the peace of the city. There were other bodies of troops quartered in the city, a portion being located in the Army building in Houston street. The men were kept rigidly indoors, and their presence was scarcely suspected by the public. Very few of the policemen on post seemed to recognize the troops as they passed, and it was not until after daylight yesterday that the fact of their presence became generally known, or was credited by those who sought to prevent their entrance into the city. These troops were intended for the protection of the Government offices and buildings in case of any extended disturbance, which happily did not occur. The frigate *Naraganset* was stationed in the East River near the foot of Wall street, and it was understood that she would be used to sweep the street to protect the United States Treasury. The Iron-

clad *Guerriere* lay in the North River, near Chambers street, for any service that might be required. Both vessels were the objects of much attention from those who were in the vicinity of their anchorage, but no especial signs of life on board were noticeable. The marines from the frigates were consolidated with those in barracks at the navy-yard, and the other troops were kept in garrison in the harbor, in readiness for instant service, which was not called for.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Heights of Chatillon.

From these heights, on the 20th of September—the day succeeding that of the skirmish mentioned above—the Crown-Prince, standing near Sceaux (which is situated on the south side of Paris, about five miles in a straight line from the Notre Dame Cathedral), first viewed the city and valley of the Seine. The capture of the French redoubt by the Bavarians enabled the Prince to fix his headquarters at Versailles.

Inside of Paris.

The subject of our illustration is the entry of wounded French soldiers into Paris by way of the *Chaussée de Marne*, after the fighting at Chatillon, in which the *Gardes Mobiles* conducted themselves with great bravery, temporarily driving the Prussians from their first lines, and forcing them back upon the main body. The action is described as exceedingly brilliant. The wounded were received tenderly by the Parisians, and everything possible was done to alleviate their sufferings.

Strasbourg.

This city, particularly on its western and southern sides, was greatly damaged by the fire of the besiegers—not a gun mounted for its defense but was more or less damaged. The cathedral fortunately escaped with slight internal and external injury. The iron cross on the spire was struck and thrown out of line about six feet, and a shell passing through the roof struck the organ and shattered it. The mechanical clock, the altar, and the magnificent stained glass of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were not in the least injured. Some of the buildings in the western part of the town were ruined by shot and shell. The engraving, however, of the houses in the *Rue de Saverne*, shows the effects of the bombardment. Another street, that of the *Faubourg des Pierres*, on the north side, was also greatly injured, many of the superstructures lining it being so much damaged that they cannot be occupied until repaired or rebuilt. The beautiful Botanical Gardens of Strasbourg were during the siege made the place of burial for those who had died within the lines of the city. They are now no longer used for that purpose. The dead in them are to be exhumed and deposited in consecrated cemeteries. We give an illustration of the interment of a citizen of Strasbourg within the inclosures of the Botanical Gardens, who had died during the siege.

Outposts of Gardes Mobiles.

The sketch illustrates the outposts of the *Gardes Mobiles* between the forts *Bicetre* and *Ivry*, which are about five miles distant from the heart of Paris. On the 23d of September, the first named fortification, and the village of *Villejuif* adjoining, were the scene of a well-conducted sortie by the volunteers of the city. These forts are important parts of the circle of fortifications about Paris, closing its south side against an enemy advancing from *Villeneuve*, *Choisy-le-Roi*, or *Cheville*, where repeated conflicts have taken place.

Ballooning in France.

Since the commencement of the siege of Paris, a wonderful impetus has been given to aerial navigation. Hardly a day passes but adventurous gentlemen ascend from open spaces within the city in hastily constructed balloons, their cars laden with letters addressed to friends in all parts of the world. These drift over the German lines of circumvallation, to the great annoyance of the commanders of the besieging *corps d'armee*, to such departments of France without the enemy's lines as the favoring breezes list them. Our engraving represents the descent at *Dreux*, on the Eure, fifty miles west of Paris, of the balloon *Celeste*, managed by M. Isander. On approaching *Dreux*, it is said, the aeronaut, who was alone in the car, felt much alarmed when he came near the earth, at the approach of a number of unknown horsemen, who might be Prussian Uhlans; but he had discharged so much gas that he could not help coming down then and there. To his great relief he found that they were French volunteer cavalry scouts, ordered to welcome him and assist his landing on *terra firma*. On his arrival at *Tours* he wrote a brief account of the state of affairs at Paris, which was published in the official journal.

The King of Prussia at Versailles.

The engraving shows the arrival, on the 5th ult., of the King of Prussia at Versailles, the magnificent residence of the Bourbon monarchs. "A great many people," writes the correspondent of the *London Times*, who witnessed the reception, "assembled in the *Rue des Chantiers*, between the *Porte de Buc* and the *Prefecture*, to see the King come in. At the gates of the *Prefecture* a company of infantry was drawn up. In front of the grille of the courtyard were—General von Kirchback; General von Voigts-Rhetz, commandant of the town; the Duke of Coburg, the Duke of Augustenberg, two Dukes of Wurtemberg, the Prince Hereditary of Wurtemberg, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, the Prince Hereditary of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and their officers in waiting. At half-past five, the cheers of the troops who lined the *Rue des Chantiers* heralded the arrival of the King. The officers in front of the *Prefecture* formed front. A squadron of lancers swept round the corner, and took up their post on the right front of the *Prefecture*. These were followed by a small body of dragoons or gendarmes. Then came the stallmeister and mounted equestrians, followed by a field officer, at whose heels clattered more lancers, who wheeled round and halted on the flank. Next, in an open carriage, appeared the King. He was covered with dust, but looked well and strong. On his left was the Crown-Prince, also dusty and vigorous-looking. The troops cheered, the colors were lowered, the band burst into a triumphal blare of drums and trumpets, and the crowd of officers, with upraised casques and caps and shakos, shouted lustily."

Diamond Fields in Africa.

The engraving shows a diamond field on the *Vaal River*, South Africa, about eight hundred miles from *Cape Town*. A writer in the *London Graphic* says

that "diamond-hunting appears to be attended with the same uncertainty as gold-mining. Some men are lucky at once, and continue to be lucky; others, however persevering they may be, never meet with success. The work consists in quarrying a very tough description of stone and gravel, and then carting them down to the river, where the pebbles are washed and examined. Already the amount of stuff turned over is something surprising. The cradles are going all day, sometimes all night, too; for, on moonlight nights, the more avaricious spirits refuse to go to bed, but work steadily until the return of light." The diamonds are found, not in large, but in paying quantities. Sometimes a miner makes a "hit," and retires a rich man, in an hour; while others hope and strive, and labor and despair, in vain.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

PAREFA returns to America in March.

FECHTER has commenced his "Hamlet" season at the Globe, Boston.

HENRY J. BYRON, the dramatist, is about giving his "Last Shilling" to the public.

LOTTO, the violinist, and Von Bulow, the pianist, are both coming to this country.

TRETTENS and Trebelli have lately made a great hit at Liverpool in Rossini's "Semiramide."

It must be acknowledged that "She's as Lovely as a Fairy," since every good singer asserts it.

NILSSON and Miss Cari sang in the service of the Swedish church at North Bridgewater, Mass., on Sunday.

Two well-known French actresses, Miles. Massin and Mignard, have enlisted in the National Guards as *cantinières*.

MR. CLIFTON W. TAYLEUR has secured a dramatization of "Edwin Drood." This tale you're soon to hear in New York.

"LAND RATS AND WATER RATS" intested Aiken's Museum, Chicago, during the past week, but were outnumbered by the citizens.

BOUCHICAUT's latest production, "Rapparee," was brought out at Niblo's, New York, on Monday last, by the regular stock company.

It will be noticed that the Messrs. Smith, manufacturers of the American Organ, have their "say" in our advertising columns.

CHICAGO, Ill., must be getting pretty straightened, as "Money" made its last appearance there on Thursday, with Lawrence Barrett.

MR. M. W. LEFFINGWELL appeared as Romeo Jaffer Jenkins, at Lina Edwin's, New York, on the 7th, before a large and laughing-well audience.

"FIFTY WINKS" have been flashed at the audiences of the Arch Street Opera Hall, Philadelphia, every night for over a week; yet the attendance has not been lightened.

MRS. F. W. LANDER has appeared as Mary Stuart, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, on the 10th inst., after a very excellent representation of Queen Elizabeth.

"THREE BLIND MICE" dodged amid beautiful scenery, at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, during an entire week, to the sound of a fine orchestra and the plaudits of delighted audiences.

DURING the Christmas holidays we are promised a revival at Niblo's of the "Black Crook" in all its glory and splendor, and imported ballet-girls will once more frisk about the stage.

"THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK" located their caldrons in the Opera House, Louisville, Ky., last week, and, after a four nights' carousal, turned up "The Ace of Spades" for the balance of the week.

THE "Apple of Discord" was attacked by the Lydia Thompson Troupe, at Wood's Museum, New York, on Monday last, on the occasion of the return of Miss Weathersby and Mr. Beckett to the fold.

AN English dramatic journal very sagely says of our visiting Swedish singer: "The illness of Mile. Nilsson has caused the series of concerts organized for her to be suspended," which shows how much we don't know sometimes.

DURING the past week the San Francisco Minstrels, of New York, endeavoring to become "Wig-Makers," found themselves "In a Fix." The attendance was very large, laughter was abundant, and the favorite minstrels went "Rolling Home in the Morning."

MISS FANNY GOODWIN made a most favorable impression last week in the rôle of the Gipsy Queen, in Balfe's opera of "The Bohemian Girl." She possesses an admirable soprano voice, and with experience will come fame. She has made that difficult first step with success, and the rest will follow naturally.

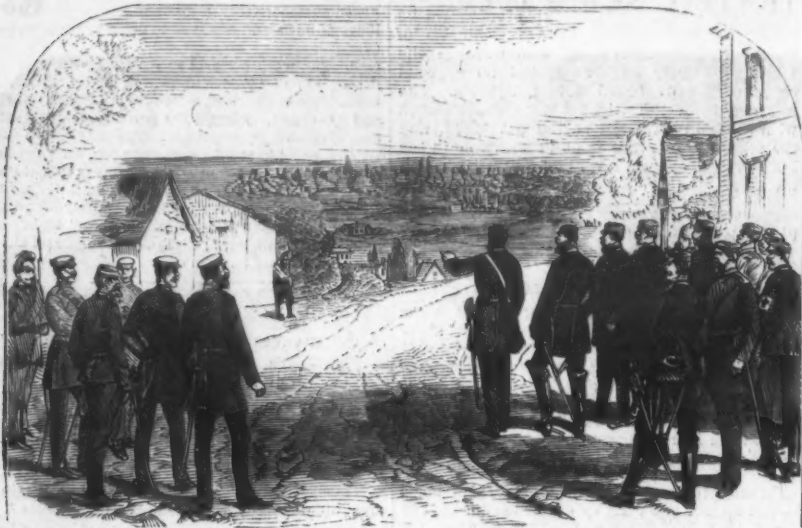
MR. W. DAVIDGE, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, is eminently a "man of parts," having, in his time, played sixteen hundred different characters—one night, in England, performing the extraordinary dramatic feat of personating the Ghost, Polonius, Osear, and the First Gravedigger on the same evening—an unprecedented quadrupling, we imagine, and in the power of very few actors to go and do likewise.

OFFENBACH's "Brigands" is in preparation at the Grand Opera House, New York, for early representation. It is said by a German critic that it is tuneful from beginning to end, and for the closeness of its fable, the neatness of its satire, and the perfect purity of its fun, may take a high, if not the highest, place among the books of M. Offenbach's sometimes too cynical librettists.

THE first rehearsal of the first Society in America, viz., "The Church Music Association," was held at the Trinity Chapel Rooms on Tuesday evening, the 8th, and the preparations for the season were commenced by an excellent reading—by nearly three hundred members—of Haydn's Third Mass, under the baton of the distinguished Conductor of the Society, Dr. James Pech, who, in conjunction with the esteemed President, G. T. Strong, Esq., has brought the association to its present very high artistic and social standing.

G. F. BRISTOW's opera of "Rip Van Winkle," produced at Niblo's by the Richings Opera Company on Wednesday last, was an artistic success throughout, and in many instances a popular one also, notably in Rip's two songs and Miss Richings's military air. The libretto is too long, and not particularly inspiring, and the opera requires pruning, both verbally and musically. As it is, however, it places its composer at the head of native musicians, and it is a matter of regret that he has no opportunity for a further development of his unquestionable talent, which, by-the-by, has now the advantage of fifteen years' further experience and culture added to it since "Rip" was written. We should like to hear an opera of Bristow's now, when his style is matured, and we trust the occasion may be offered to this good melodist and excellent master of instrumentation. We have only space to add that Miss Richings was admirable as Alice, and Mr. Henri Drayton as Rip delighted press, public and composer.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 163.



FRANCE.—THE CROWN-PRINCE OF PRUSSIA VIEWING PARIS AND THE VALLEY OF THE SEINE FROM THE HEIGHTS OF CHATILLON.



FRANCE.—INSIDE PARIS—ENTRY OF WOUNDED GARDES MOBILES BY THE CHAUSSEE DE MARNE, AFTER THE FIGHT AT CHATILLON.



FRANCE.—SCENE IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, STRASBOURG, WHICH WERE USED FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD DURING THE SIEGE.



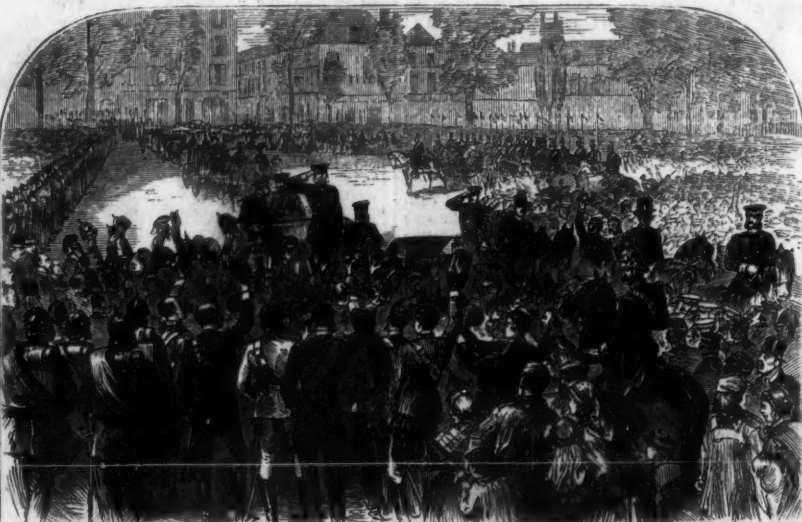
FRANCE.—OUTPOST OF GARDES MOBILES BETWEEN THE FORTS BICETRE AND IVRY, WITHOUT THE WALLS OF THE CITY OF PARIS.



FRANCE.—SCENE IN THE RUE DE SAVERNE, STRASBOURG, AS IT APPEARED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CAPITULATION.



FRANCE.—THE DESCENT, NEAR DREUX, OF A BALLOON FROM PARIS—SOLDIERS IN PURSUIT TO ASSIST THE AERONAUT.



FRANCE.—ARRIVAL AT VERSAILLES, NEAR PARIS, OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA—HIS RECEPTION BY THE TROOPS AND INHABITANTS.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE DIAMOND FIELDS NEAR THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—MINERS DIGGING AND WASHING FOR DIAMONDS.



FRANCE.—DESTRUCTION OF THE FOREST OF BONDY BY FIRE, ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 15, 1870.

BURNING THE FORESTS AROUND PARIS.

THE destruction of the forest of Bondy, as witnessed from Montmartre one night recently by a French artist, was a scene of awful grandeur. The trees had all been previously moistened with petroleum and other inflammable oils, and burned like tinder. For several hours the fire ate its way steadily onward, and vast flames threw a lurid glare across the heavens. In the light of this vast furnace the graves on the Martyrs' Hills were rendered visible, with their ghastly contents hideously disfigured—cut up and plowed by the Prussian balls. The progress of the devouring element left them a charred and blackened mass. A little nearer might be seen the common ditches which were to hold the bodies of the men, women and children of the besieged who perished by the fire of the besiegers, through famine or pestilence. It was indeed a ghastly, hideous spectacle, sufficient to send a thrill of terror

through the veins of the stoutest-hearted, and the artist turned shuddering away, to ruminate in solitude over the strange anomalies of life and war.

THE YOUNG BRETON MOBLOTS.

THE Breton is a very fine fellow, both in his person and mind. Tall, well-made, sober and industrious, we do not doubt he will make a very fine soldier. He arrived in Paris from Brittany, rough, travel-stained and weary, but in a little while he emerged the smartest, cleanest, best-disciplined soldier in the reserve. A large number of them came in without uniforms of any sort, wearing the blue and white smock-frocks of the country, preferring it to any other. They were followed into town by the peasant-women—their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, dressed in the picturesque provincial style. They were graciously welcomed by the Parisian men and women, who did their best to entertain them and make their

time pass pleasantly; and their first night in Paris was one round of innocent gayety and dissipation in a small way.

The artist's sketch, taken a few days after their installment in the quarters temporarily assigned to them, shows that if the Breton Mobile knows how to fight, and fight well, he also knows how to live, live well, and enjoy the passing moments.

FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR.

THE page engraving, showing the departure of French prisoners of war from the walled town of Sedan, on the 3d of September—the day succeeding the capitulation—is from a sketch by a German artist who was present, and who was consequently enabled truthfully to represent the scene. We have, in previous numbers, described the surrender of MacMahon's army. It is therefore unnecessary to repeat what has already been given to the world. The prisoners very quietly retired

from the city, and without a murmur took up their march for Germany, where they now are awaiting exchange or the return of peace before they can again re-enter France.

BALLOON ASCENSIONS AT PARIS.

OUR correspondent, J. C. Palmuri, at James W. Tucker & Co.'s, Paris, to whom we are indebted for the sketch of the ascension of two balloons on the 6th of October—in one of which was M. Gambetta, and in the other three American gentlemen who had paid one thousand dollars for the privilege of getting in this way outside of the lines of the beleaguers of the city—writes, under date of the 10th ult., "that he was enabled directly to communicate with us through the kindness of General Burnside, who was at the moment in Paris, and who had promised, at their urgent solicitation, to take with him the letters of resident Americans who were desirous of communicating with friends at home." Mr. Palmuri continues: "The balloons



THE YOUNG BRETON MOBLOTS SEEING LIFE IN PARIS, BEFORE THE SIEGE.

ascended from the Place St. Pierre, Montmartre, in the presence of a large and deeply-interested assemblage. M. Gambetta gave proof of his courage and self-sacrifice for France by calmly entering the basket of the balloon on the left, while the one containing the Americans rose rapidly, conveying Mr. May, the artist, and Mr. Reynolds, both of New York—the name of the third passenger is not given—moving in a northerly direction. In the balloon with M. Gambetta were his secretary and the aeronaut. M. Gambetta, as the balloon ascended, leaned over the edge of the car and saluted the people, who, in return, cheered him lustily. In the car in which was M. Gambetta were “six carrier-doves, one of which came back, but, it is said, lost its message. We have since been assured that he landed safely at Epineuse, and had reached Tours via Amiens.” Another resident of Paris, writing to one of our daily publications, thus speaks of the ascension of M. Gambetta, and of other preparations for making aerial voyages from Paris: “M. Gambetta gave proof of immense courage and self-sacrifice in undertaking this aerial voyage. He had always expressed himself averse to exposing himself to the dangers of this sort of navigation, and, at the moment of departure, could not prevent himself from showing, by his extreme pallor, that he by no means fancied the undertaking as a mere pleasure excursion. Since this famed departure—a great historical event—no ballooning has been possible; the weather has either been too calm or too stormy. But a large number of balloons are in course of preparation, under the supervision of the well-known aeronauts, Nadan and Godard. The Washington is ready to start with a heavy freight of dispatches. The Lafayette, its consort, met with an accident, and will have to be entirely renewed before it can be pronounced in sailing order. It is announced this morning that the Godefroy Cavaignac will set sail tomorrow, wind and weather permitting, bearing away the former Prefect of Police, M. de Keratry, who goes on an important mission to the provinces. M. de Keratry has no greater taste for this modern system of locomotion than his colleague Gambetta, but he accepts it heroically. He has made a condition, however, that he must be accompanied by the elder Godard, who is an old sailor of the air, and not as likely to come down with a collapse as his coworkers less experienced in the trade. Another balloon, the Louis Blanc, directed by Eugene Godard (son) will leave tomorrow with Messrs. Banc and Tirant, also delegates from the Government, M. Tissandier, Jr., taking the ropes. A very large quantity of letters and dispatches is on hand awaiting the departure of La Liberté, the balloon of M. Wilfred de Fonville. Nine persons have engaged passage on this balloon.”

AUTUMN TIME.

I saw the mellowed autumn time;
The russet pears, the scarlet haws, the yellow
sheaves of autumn time.

The fading, falling autumn time;
The rustling leaves, the saddened winds, the
pallid mists of autumn time.

The scented, fragrant autumn time;
The clover balls, the moorland heath, the
fresh-plowed earth of autumn time.

The sober, tranquil autumn time;
The chastened noons, the steadfast stars; the
purple glooms of autumn time.

The sweet, soft sounds of autumn time;
The twittering birds, the bleating flocks, the
plaining streams of autumn time.

The resting, patient autumn time;
The close-reaped fields, the dew-drenched grass,
the low-streaked skies of autumn time.

The grand, prophetic autumn time;
For ripened hearts and sweetened souls called
home to God at autumn time.

A NIGHT IN A GERMAN CASTLE.

A FEW months prior to the last war between Prussia and Austria, I was travelling in Germany, and being desirous of finding a watering-place of lesser pretensions than Wiesbaden or Homburg, I was directed by Mr. Murphy, the United States Consul-General at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, to Sadan, a lovely little village situated upon the Tannus River.

I found Sadan all that could be desired, for a more lovely village I never saw. Nestled away in the bosom of a small valley, and overhung by lofty mountains, whose summits were crowned by ruined castles, it was the very place to spend a month quietly and pleasantly. The village numbered very few inhabitants, and these were a peaceful, industrious set, who worked in the fields surrounding their houses by day, and indulged in music and merry-making around the hearthstones at night.

I secured a delightful room in the house of a German farmer, the windows of which overlooked the valley upon one side, and upon the other were shaded by the mountains.

I used to sit for hours in my window, and gaze upon the ruined castles, overgrown by the moss of centuries, and day-dream over again those dear old days of chivalry, when knight met knight, and broke a lance for the fair lady of his love.

Out of the time-worn ruins above me I built “castles high in air,” in imagination, and almost forgot, in my reverie, that I was a practical man, of a very matter-of-fact world, that dealt in the strife and realities of the present day, not in the memory and romance of chivalry. There were in the village a few Americans besides myself; one English family, and an old maid of the same nation, surrounded by her servants, and whose delight seemed in

drinking deep of the waters of the springs, and dressing in robes of many colors every other hour during the day. I had done this maiden of forty summers a slight service, I thought—an invaluable one, she said—in rescuing her poodle from the spring, into which he had jumped after his own shadow, so was the recipient of a morning bow each day, and a kind inquiry regarding my health; a few German barons, with their families, one French count and a Russian prince, finished the list of the few visitors at Sadan.

I had become quite well acquainted with the family of Dr. Rutherford, of Maine, which consisted of the doctor, his wife, two daughters and a son. The eldest daughter, Miss Belle, was a young lady of seventeen, and, being a splendid horsewoman, we frequently took rides together over the surrounding country, and had visited nearly every old ruin for fifteen miles around.

During my stay at Sadan, the divine Patti had an engagement of a week at Homburg, and I proposed that our little party should drive over and attend the opera, and return by moonlight. It was only twelve miles, and my proposition was eagerly accepted, Miss Belle Rutherford proposing that she and myself should go on horseback, while her parents and brother and sister went in the carriage. We had a delightful ride to Homburg, enjoyed the opera, and, after a substantial supper, started upon our return.

We rode slowly for a few miles, chatting gayly, and enjoying the moonlit scene around us; the carriage had driven on with more speed, and had been for some time out of sight.

“Let us ride up the mountain and visit Falkenstein Castle—it would look grand in the moonlight,” said my fair companion, touching her horse with her whip, and turning suddenly into a by-road leading up the mountain side.

Upon the summit of the mountain, and about two miles off, Falkenstein frowned down upon us, its ruined battlements mellowed by the moonlight, but still looking gloomy in its grandeur and solitude.

As we ascended the mountain by the winding road, the scene below us approached a magnificence that I had never seen surpassed on the Himalayas, the Rocky Mountains, or the Andes. The moon was at its full, and shed a light almost as bright as day, and the glittering river running through the valley looked like a silver ribbon, unrolled through fields, meadows, and forests.

We at length reached a small bridge-path, very steep and overgrown, that led directly up to the ruin.

I took the lead, and Miss Belle following, our good steeds took us safely over the rough road to the heavy portcullis that had crumbled into decay in the years that had come and gone since knights of old had ridden forth from it to do battle for their chivalry. We entered the gateway, and dismounting, turned our horses loose to feed upon the luxuriant grass, while we ascended the tower to view the panorama of nature spread like a map at our feet. As we entered the tower, bats and birds disturbed in their slumber flew from it, and the wind whistling through the crevices rendered it a place calculated to impress us deeply.

“I almost wish we had not come here,” said Miss Belle, as we slowly ascended the stone steps.

“Wait a moment, and the sight you will see will cause you to retract that remark,” I replied; and just as I finished speaking we reached the top of the tower.

For an instant we gazed in speechless admiration at the scene, for we stood upon the highest summit of any mountain peak for miles and miles around, looking down upon a miniature world, as it were.

“Oh, look! see how dark it is growing!” suddenly exclaimed Miss Belle, and at the same moment the light faded away and we were cast in gloom, for, coming up from behind the mountains, black, threatening storm-clouds covered the horizon and engulfed the moon in their midnight darkness.

“Miss Belle, we are destined to make a much longer stay in Falkenstein Castle than we anticipated,” I said, for I saw at a glance that the storm would be upon us ere we could seek any other place of shelter. “I will go down and lead the horses under the tower, and bring up the saddle-blankets to put around you, for it is getting quite cold; do you not feel it?”

“Indeed I do; but please do not stay long, for I will imagine I see the ghosts of every knight who ever reved in this old castle,” replied Miss Rutherford.

“I will be but a moment,” I assured her, and descending as rapidly as the darkness would admit, I entered the court, led the horses under the shelter of the tower, and securing the blankets, I returned, for my fair companion was in no great degree pleased with the idea of passing the night there.

“Do you think it will be a severe storm, and will last long?” she asked.

“Well, I think I ought to be weatherwise, as I have such a good point for observation, Miss Belle; but the clouds are threatening, and I can give no opinion.”

I took my match-box out, and lighting a taper, sought out a comparatively comfortable spot in the tower, just facing a window, upon the opposite side from which the storm was approaching.

With the aid of the saddles, blankets, and a heavy shawl that Mrs. Rutherford had insisted upon her daughter’s wearing, we made ourselves quite comfortable, and from our elevation in “cloud-land” could watch the effect of the storm with some degree of appreciation of its grandeur. Vivid flashes of lightning cut the air, and illuminating the scene for an instant, would leave us in a darkness that could almost be felt. Then the deep muttering of thunder would echo from mountain to mountain, and dying off into a moan like the distant roar of the sea, would be followed by a sudden burst of

light, and a crash that would shake the castle to its foundations and make the earth tremble as if with fear at the mighty voice of the great Unknown.

For an hour we hardly spoke a word, so wrapt up were we in the sublime spectacle; but at length the rain descended in torrents, the lightning became less vivid and frequent, and the deep groan of the dying thunder proved that the fury of the storm had passed away.

My companion at last broke the silence between us.

“I wonder what mother will think has become of me?” she said, and I knew by the tone of her voice that she had been weeping.

I answered cheerfully, “That you are safe and snug in some hamlet, where she will expect you to remain until morning.”

“This rain seems as if it had set in for a long time, so I suppose we must make the best of it. You are acquainted, I heard you say a few days since, with the legends of many of these old castles; tell me of this one, please, for I think the time and place apropos, *n’est ce pas, mon ami?*”

“Assuredly; and as you desire it, I will tell you the legend as well as I remember it. To begin, this is one of the oldest castles in this part of Germany, and its ancient owners were chivalrous gentlemen and Crusaders; but the legend dates back to a time when it was owned by Baron Von Falkenstein, a surly, disagreeable old fellow, who, as usual, had a lovely daughter. In those early days there was no road leading to the castle, only a footpath, and it was difficult even for an experienced mountaineer to ascend that. The baron’s grandfather had built the castle, or rather hewn it out of the solid rock; and keeping his retainers within the walls, except when cultivating the fields in the valley for bread, he lived a quiet life, monotonous in the extreme, receiving no visitors from the surrounding nobles. So were the son and grandson. The latter—the subject of the legend—had married a cousin living many miles away, who died shortly after her first child—a daughter—was born. This daughter grew up lovely and sweet-tempered, and very little like her morose father. She bewailed her lonely life, and would sometimes descend the mountain, and visit the little hamlet of Koenigstein, near by.

“While returning from one of these visits, accompanied by her maid, and passing through a deep forest, she was confronted by a knight covered with armor, who said to her she was beautiful, and he intended to carry her with him. She attempted to flee, but the knight grasped her arm, and was attempting to force her to a seat upon his horse, when the sound of hoofs was heard rapidly approaching; and a moment after, a splendid-looking knight, mounted upon a superb charger, dashed upon the scene. One glance at the party showed him the position of affairs, and dropping his vizor over his face, he put his lance in rest, saying: ‘Thou false knight, defend thy life!’

“In an instant he was upon the surprised recreant knight, who had barely time to draw his lance in his own defense and meet the charge. The contest was long and fierce, but at last Adelina Von Falkenstein had the satisfaction of seeing the false knight lying dead at her feet. She was profuse in her thanks, and invited the knight to the castle. He accepting the invitation, they proceeded together until they reached the stronghold, or stables, where the baron kept his horses, for the path to the castle was, as I have said, impassable except to men.

“The baron thanked the knight coldly for the service rendered his daughter, and, in conversation with him, found his name was also Von Falkenstein, and that he was a cousin. Adelina had fallen desperately in love with the handsome knight, and his heart was also gone, for he found it impossible to resist her charms. At length it was decided to ask the old baron’s consent to their love. Anton Von Falkenstein sought an audience with the baron, and asked his sanction for their marriage.

“Anton Von Falkenstein,” began the baron, “when you will make a path to my castle which a horse can ascend and descend, you shall have my daughter—not until then.”

“The disappointed lover turned from the presence of the baron, and left the castle, well knowing that for man to cut a road through that mass of rock was impossible. He went to the stronghold, mounted his horse, and was riding slowly through the forest, when he met an old man with a long white beard.

“Von Falkenstein, you desire to marry your cousin Adelina, and her father has given you a task to perform beyond the power of man. Swear to me, when you are her husband, and have become Baron Von Falkenstein, you will do my bidding, and the road shall be built,” said the old man, in an impressive voice.

“What power have you, old man, to do as you say?”

“I am the Old Man of the Mountain! Swear!”

“I swear!”

“Without another word the old man turned and walked away, while Anton rode over to the hamlet of Koenigstein to pass the night.

“The sun had just sunk behind Elstein when a most fearful storm came up, and lasted with the greatest severity until daylight, when the sun rose bright and beautiful again. All night long Baron Von Falkenstein had been awake listening to the storm, and hearing the sound of pickaxes, as if working on rock. Twice he looked forth, to see if he could solve the strange sound, but the storm and rain blew with such fury in his face, that he was forced to retire to his room. Adelina was also awake, and the unusual sound of cutting rock excited her greatly.

“At the break of day Anton Von Falkenstein mounted his steed and rode toward the castle. What was his surprise to find that a comparatively good road led up to the castle. So, with a feeling of joy he put spurs to his horse and dashed up the new-made pathway at full speed.

“Arriving at the gateway, he astonished the keeper by ordering him to open, in the name of Von Falkenstein, for himself and horse. The keeper obeyed, and he dashed into the court, where he was met by the baron, who was as pale as a ghost.

“See, Baron Von Falkenstein, I have entered your castle on horseback—redeem your word!” he shouted.

“You have done what I believed no mortal man could do, Anton Von Falkenstein, and I will keep my word. Adelina, come here. This is your husband. Dismount, sir knight, and the nuptials shall take place this day.”

“That evening the marriage was celebrated with great splendor, the baron presiding over the feast, and drinking deeply. Toward midnight the baron arose and said: ‘Anton Von Falkenstein, you have gained a wife, but will lose your horse; you are the next heir to this castle, and ere long will have my title. I took an oath when I began my reign over this castle. Come to the court with me, all of you, and see me keep it.’

“The assembled revelers all accompanied him, and upon arriving at the court he called for the horse of Anton to be brought forth, and robing himself in his armor, and taking his lance, he mounted the steed, and turning to his daughter and son-in-law, said: ‘My children, be happy. When my grandfather erected this castle, he took an oath that the day a horse entered it he would ride him headlong over the battlements yonder, which you know crown the edge of the precipice which looks down six hundred feet into the valley below. My father took that oath, and so did I. Now see me fulfill it. Good-by, my children, and to you all adieu!’

“Placing his lance in rest, he drove the spurs deep into the steed and dashed at fearful speed toward the precipice. The frightened horse gave one bound into the air, a shriek of fear, and disappeared in the gloom beneath. At last a dull, heavy sound came up to the awed listeners, which proved that horse and rider had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The next day the remains of the old baron were buried; and when Anton, then Baron Von Falkenstein, returned to the castle after the funeral, a parchment was handed to him, which it was said was left by an old man with long white beard; with trembling hands he broke the silken cord that bound it, and read:

“Now keep your oath. Your retainers are poor and in distress; improve their condition, build them a hamlet at the base of this mountain, and a church to worship in; protect their interests, cultivate your lands, and be a true knight, worthy of the great future that awaits you.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

“Thus ends the legend of Falkenstein, Miss Rutherford, and I hope it has served to entertain you,” I said to my companion, who had not interrupted me during the whole story.

“Indeed it has; and do you know, I imagined I could hear sounds of axes at work while you were talking.”

“Well, it has ceased raining, and we will leave Falkenstein and seek more comfortable quarters.”

I saddled the horses, and aiding my companion to mount, we rode slowly down the steep and uneven road that the legend says was made in one night. Miss Rutherford, with all her courage, could not help but cast furtive glances around her, as if she expected to see the ghost of the baron, or the “Old Man of the Mountain,” appear.

The sun rose ere we reached Sadan, and we found our friends feeling but little anxiety upon our account, as they supposed we had taken refuge in some hamlet near the roadside. A substantial breakfast near our spirits, and fortunately neither of us suffered any evil effects from our night in the Castle of Falkenstein.

CONCEIT vs. WOMAN'S WIT.

It was a pleasant parlor, with its low French windows and piazza in front, its nicely arranged flower-garden, where the violets and anemones, lilac and pink, sent forth their fragrant perfume, and the light south breeze wafted the delicious aroma into the tastefully furnished apartments where two ladies and a gentleman sat conversing. The one in the rocker by the west window was Lizzie Huntington, the newly made wife of Arthur Huntington, Esq. The lady half reclining on the sofa was Josie Wilson—a bewitching little woman, and the guest of Lizzie. The gentleman was Mr. Richard Granville, an old schoolmate and friend of Lizzie’s, and who was now reading law with Middleton Brothers, two of the most eminent lawyers in the State.

Richard was tall, fine-looking—handsome mouth and teeth—warm-hearted and genial; but it would not take a phrenologist long to understand that the controlling organ of his cranium was self-esteem. The conversation must have been very interesting, for the little lady on the sofa laid down the volume she was reading, and listened attentively while a half-smile parted her beautiful lips. It was soft twilight, the hour the ladies liked best of any other in the day, and they had been in the habit of spending it together, indulging their dreams and fancies—sometimes talking to each other, but oftener silent. It had been broken in upon now by a visitor who had found a boarding-place conveniently near, and, as he told Lizzie, he should make a point of coming in every evening that he was disengaged, never seeming to take into consideration the fact that he might not always be welcome.

“I wonder,” says Lizzie, “if there are many men in the world who think as you do, Dick? I am inclined to suppose not; for, upon my word, you have advanced some of the most ridiculous ideas that I ever heard of.”

all my acquaintance with Arthur I never heard him speak of such a thing."

"Oh, perhaps not, Lizzie," said Dick, twirling his luxurious mustache carelessly—"perhaps not; but, you know Arthur never studied women as I have done. There is not a phase in their characters that I do not understand; and I am prepared to affirm most positively, that any man with the right sort of magnetic influence can gain the love of any woman—married or single. You must have lived in the backwoods, Lizzie, if you have never heard that idea brought forward."

"Magnetic influence," replied Lizzie. "How are we to tell whether a gentleman possesses the inestimable quality or not? You have it, I presume, to an enormous extent, do you not?"

"Good phrenologists and readers of character have decided such to be the case; and although I never have attempted to exercise the talent to any extent, yet, I feel perfectly confident that I could gain the affections of any woman, did I so incline."

"Oh! merciful goodness!" laughed Lizzie. "I always knew, Dick Granville, that you were intolerably conceited—but, upon my word, I had no conception of the alarming progress your self-esteem has made in the last two or three years. Don't for pity's sake ever be induced to talk such nonsense to any one else; they will certainly think you lacking in common sense. Josie, why do you not join our interesting discussion?"

No answer from the sofa, and Lizzie remarked:

"She is asleep, thank goodness, for your sake, Dick, for Josie has a terrible aversion to conceited men; and as you are likely to be thrown with us for some time to come, I would advise you to keep your preposterous and ridiculous ideas to yourself, for they would so disgust Josie, that she would shun you under all circumstances."

"I don't feel alarmed, Lizzie, as to the impression she will receive of me; but I will bet you a camel's-hair shawl against three cents, that before Miss Wilson finishes her visit here, I will so have fascinated her that she will be willing to go to the ends of the earth with me or for me."

This was said in a very low and confidential tone, but every word was distinctly heard by the make-believe, reclining so gracefully on the sofa, and she shook with suppressed laughter at the prospect of fun in the future, for she determined that the opportunity should not be lost. Lizzie went over to the sofa, took a good look at her friend, who seemed in the soundest of slumbers, and said:

"I accept your bet, Dick, and you may do your best. If you succeed, I shall become a convert to your flat philosophy; so now proceed."

They shook hands over the arrangement, and Lizzie again went to the sofa, and this time attempted to wake the fair occupant. She yawned and rubbed her eyes, looked sleepily around, and said:

"This is certainly very rude in me—to have been betrayed into dozing, with such agreeable companions. You must pardon me, Mr. Granville," and the little consummate actress arranged her frizzes, took a seat beside Dick, and made ample amends for the lost time. Dick could be very entertaining whenever he chose to hide his conceit, and Lizzie had made some valuable suggestions which he determined to profit by; and as Lizzie watched the couple apparently so well pleased with each other, she felt a little fear that her friend might be foolish enough to be caught by his physical beauty, supposing that every other good quality must be hid under so charming an exterior; and after Dick had gone, Lizzie thought she would sound her, and asked:

"Josie, how do you like Dick Granville? Does he resemble at all the gentleman you were describing to me last evening?"

"Oh, not in the least, Lizzie. They are as unlike as you can imagine. My Charlie is the very quintessence of perfection."

"Then there is no danger to be apprehended from a slight flirtation with Dick—is there, dear?"

"No more danger of my proving false to or forgetful of my promise, than there is of your becoming recreant to Arthur—not a bit! Now please don't say another word, and if I don't lead that conceited fellow a rig, then my name is not Josie Wilson."

Lizzie was delighted; and evening after evening found Dick at his post, exercising that peculiar "magnetic influence" which he imagined he possessed so much of. He would occasionally take hold of the little vixen's hand, and she would allow it to remain in his just long enough to make him feel that she only withdrew it for propriety's sake, and then slyly slip it out. It would be impossible to describe the artifices of this fun-loving woman; but no amount of teasing would ever induce her to take a walk alone with him, or occupy the parlor when Lizzie was not present. Arthur, Lizzie's husband, was away upon business at this time, and the plotters had the field all alone to themselves. One evening Lizzie was sitting on the piazza, and Josie and Dick in the parlor. Dick had drawn his chair very near, and was talking in a low, earnest style about soul sympathies, and soul attractions, and psychological influences. He descended upon the miseries of a union that had not for its basis all the above-mentioned requisites, and glowingly pictured his future home, and the wife he intended should grace it. Said he:

"She must be a little woman—I always detested anything taller than yourself, Miss Josie. Her eyes must be large, and melting, and brown, with long eyelashes. Her complexion must be delicate, with just the slightest rosy tint in each cheek—a dimple like yours, Miss Josie, I should very much admire; and then the mouth must be a little rosebud, with teeth even and white as pearls. Did you ever see any one that resembled this picture, dear?"

"I do not know as ever I did. But what

about her mental qualifications? Is she not to be intelligent and talented, witty and refined, good-natured and affectionate?"

"She must have," replied Dick, "a certain amount of good-breeding, and delicacy, and refinement—certainly I could not be satisfied with less. But I should not care very much that my wife should be educated to a very high standard. It would be such a pleasure to teach her myself; and then I possess the rare gift of imparting knowledge, Miss Josie; and if we loved each other, as I intend we shall, what a labor of love it will be!" and he pressed Josie's hand tenderly.

"Lord bless us!" thought Josie, "he evidently considers me a fool!" and to conceal her risibilities, she arose and walked out on the piazza, where Lizzie sat humming to herself, and wondering what would be the result of the prolonged conversation in the parlor. Josie roamed around among the flower-beds for a few moments, and Dick had a chance to whisper to Lizzie:

"You have just about lost your shawl, Mrs. Huntingdon. I am having splendid success. There is just one more I desire to try my experiment on, then I shall have done with flirting forever, unless, indeed, some extraordinary specimen makes her appearance."

Lizzie wondered if he was fool enough to suppose that he could ever be able to bring about a change in her affection for her husband. And hating his conceit and unprincipled behavior more than ever, left them to the piazza and the moonlight. Lizzie was again alarmed for fear that Josie was becoming interested; so, after Dick had taken leave, she said:

"Josie Wilson! upon my word I believe you are beginning to like that handsome piece of pomposity who has just left you—for your cheeks are crimson, and I never saw you so nervous before. Surely it cannot be! If such a thing were to happen, I should never forgive myself for the part I have played."

"Oh, Lizzie!" laughed Josie, "what do you take me for! I think this will be a pretty dear lesson for the aspiring youth; for, if I am any judge of human nature, he is more interested than he would be willing to admit."

So Lizzie was again satisfied, and they talked of their lovers—for Lizzie's husband had been absent a month on business—and she was now anxiously expecting him. Lizzie was to have a little company the next evening, and the greater part of the day was spent in active preparation. Josie was so bewitchingly lovely, that any man would be excusable for falling in love with her; and Dick was as attentive as the most devoted lover could be. Josie sang and played, danced, and did everything in her power to entertain the guests. Dick followed her like a shadow, and many were the remarks made by the guests in regard to his devotion. It was a glorious moonlight night, and Josie, looking very sad and exhausted, stole away for a few moments to the piazza. Dick found her at last, and was pouring into her ears the same tender strain which he had regaled her with for the last month, when suddenly she darted from his side—down the steps—down the walk—and plump into the arms of a splendid-looking soldier wearing a colonel's uniform.

"Oh, Percy! how delighted I am to see you! I was just beginning to think I could not exist much longer without you; and, as if in answer to my prayer, down you drop."

Dick Granville was forgotten in her great joy; but she was recalled to her senses by observing Dick looking wonderingly on.

"This is Colonel Monteth, Mr. Granville!" and as he passed before her into the hall, she took time to whisper, "My intended husband, Mr. Granville. Do not forget Lizzie's camel's-hair shawl, for she has fairly earned it. It would be quite as well to sell out your magnetic influence." And Josie passed on, radiant and happy.

THE NEW UNION DEPOT

ON FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Union Depot, now being constructed in New York city for the New York and New Haven, New York and Harlem, Hudson River, and New York Central Railroad Companies, bids fair to be the greatest structure of the kind in the world; certainly there is no building approximating it in the United States.

The ground occupied by this immense body of iron extends from Fourth avenue to a new street, just opened, and from Forty-second to Forty-fifth streets. The work was commenced early last spring, and is expected to be completed by New Year's.

The extreme length of the building is 681 feet, and its width 240 feet. The general height of the walls is two stories. The entire area is to be covered with a roof of corrugated iron and glass, having a span of 200 feet between the walls. Over one acre of glass will be required for this purpose. The highest point of the roof is 112 feet from the ground. On Forty-second street there is to be a magnificent front with three towers, the central one of 127 feet, and the others 97 feet each. A niche, in a conspicuous position, is to be furnished with a colossal statue of Commodore Vanderbilt, through whose incessant exertions the erection of this palatial depot is now an assured fact.

The girders supporting the roof number thirty-one, and the lower thirty feet of each exhibit some very fine molding. The rail-bed is to be divided into ten sections, each having a double track. Every apartment is to be constructed on the most liberal plans. The baggage-rooms will be models in their way, being very commodious, and readily accessible from the cars and street. The passenger-rooms are to be arranged, decorated, and furnished in a sumptuous manner, and nothing that will secure comfort to the patrons of the company will be omitted.

Large ventilators are being placed in the roof, which will secure the depot from an accumulation of smoke and impure air. The building

will be brilliantly illumined during the night—a large electrical light being placed at the northern end, furnished with two reflectors; one throwing light upon the road to Harlem, the other directed toward the interior of the depot.

The walls are of brick, while the balance of the building will be iron, furnished by the Architectural Iron Works of this city—Mr. Buckout being the architect and Mr. Duclos the constructor.

This great enterprise—one of the most prominent evidences of the success of American railroads—will cost over two millions of dollars.

THE EXODUS FROM ST. CLOUD.

AN English artist, describing the removal of the residents of the suburban village of St. Cloud, Napoleon's favorite residence, with their household goods, on the approach of the Germans, says: "It was on my road to Meudon that I met a motley train of poor people coming from St. Cloud, turned out of house and home, not to make room for the Prussians, but for their own safety. St. Cloud has been constantly under fire, and to stay there was to risk one's life. A brother and sister, old bachelor and old maid, with their *bonne* and *gouvernante*, led the dismal procession. Some of them were doubtless on their way to quarter themselves upon more fortunate friends, but others, I fear, knew not where they would lay their heads that night, being only too glad to get out of the range of their countrymen's guns."

THE NEW PARIS POLICE.

Among the other changes which the revolution of last September effected in Paris, was the reduction of the police-force of the city from the military-looking being he was—with cocked hat, long sword and enormous mustaches, to the simply dressed citizen we find him in the engraving. The police of Paris in their old uniforms were obnoxious to the people because they had learned to look upon them as instruments of the Imperial tyranny and intimidation. In this the Committee of Safety acted with unusual discretion. They doubtless prevented a second revolution, and "saved the Republic." The correspondent of the London *Standard* thus describes the new Parisian police: "I saw three of them this evening, and thought at first they were undertakers' assistants out of place. They are got up most funnily, in pilot coats, with enormous trousers and cheese-cutter caps, all raven-hued, and just one little bit of color in an unhappy little tri-colored cockade in their head-gear. After looking at them for some minutes a light broke upon me. The new guardian of the public peace is the old *sergent-de-ville* with clean-shaven face, his cocked hat and rapier removed."

DISTRIBUTING THE IRON CROSS.

OUR double-page engraving this week represents a scene which took place in the courtyard (in which is a statue of Louis XIV.) at Versailles, the present headquarters of the victorious Crown-Prince and staff.

This was the distribution, to fifty of his officers and men who had most distinguished themselves in the present war, of that coveted decoration of the German soldier, the Iron Cross, instituted by the first King of Prussia.

The ceremony was preceded by a grand parade, in which a large portion of the army took part. The battalions were then drawn up in the courtyard in close columns, with the Prince and his staff in the centre. Then, amidst the most respectful silence, the names of the fortunate recipients were called out, one by one, each one marching up to the Prince, receiving the decoration, and returning to their places as mechanically and as solidly as if it was an every-day occurrence. This ended, "Our Fritz" gave a stirring address to the soldiers, which was enthusiastically applauded, and then himself gave the signal for a cheer for King William, which was given by every soldier with a lustiness which amply attested the popularity of the old King. This was followed by the performance by the band of the National Anthem, and everything relapsed into its usual channels.

Our engraving also gives a view of the town and palace of Versailles, with courtyard and grounds belonging to the Emperor.

THE CHATEAU MEUDON.

THE engraving depicts the courtyard, as it is at present, of the Chateau Meudon, near Paris, where, in happier times, Prince Napoleon had collected those treasures of art for which he showed such a keen zest. An artist who visited the chateau recently, and who sketched the scene, says, in a communication to the London *Graphic*: "We passed over a *fosse* defending a semi-circular earthwork, which the Germans had thrown up in front of the residence. Inside the entrenchment the soldiers had built themselves a wonderful labyrinth of little hovels from gabions made in the adjoining woods. These were adorned most fantastically with the spoils of the chateau. Magnificent chairs, with velvet cushions, and tables in white and gold, stood about. Gilded ornaments were stuck higgledy-piggledy into the wicker-work. Over one domicile the Sunday hat of the prince, terribly crushed and decorated with a peacock's feather, hung triumphant, and the hat was further decorated with a sign-board, on which the soldiers had drawn an elephant, underneath which was the legend, 'The Elephant's Tavern.' Over another hut stood a stuffed black swan, and this, of course, was The Black Swan's Inn. I passed into the chateau, over which an officer conducted me and allowed me to peep through the windows that faced Paris and Fort Issy, which were all closely shut for fear of attracting the French fire. A shell had fallen outside

that morning at eight o'clock. * * * I sat down and began to make a sketch, the soldiers gathering around me; and I was working away, when we heard a bang, a hissing sound overhead, and another bang close outside the earthwork. We all ran for the machine guns, and when the alarm was over, I returned to my sketching. Another bang; away we ran again—the shell burst this time a little short of us. Then we laughed, and I went back to work."

MACMAHON'S TENTS CAPTURED BY THE PRUSSIAN AND USED AS HOSPITALS FOR THE WOUNDED.

MACMAHON's tents, baggage, and a large provision of munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victorious Prussians.

With the practical forethought which has characterized the campaign of the Crown-Prince, they converted the tents into hospitals for the sick and wounded, where they would receive attention and nursing from the army-surgeon, preparatory to being sent to the large hospitals and lazarettos in Fatheland.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE Chief-Justice is improving.

M. LEON GAMBETTA is thirty-two years old.

MISS HOLLAND, of Philadelphia, has willed \$15,000 to disabled Presbyterian ministers.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG has been made an honorary member of the New York Philharmonic Society.

LIEUTENANT CROWNINGSHIELD, United States Navy, who was saved from the wreck of the Onida, has arrived in London.

THE Crown-Princess of Heese has become a noted Free-thinker, and gathers to her court crowds of Germans of a like mind.

It is said that Auber remains quietly in the Rue St. George, mourning the loss of a valuable horse destined for culinary purposes.

GENERAL GORLOFF, military agent of the Russian Government, who has been residing in Hartford, Conn., has gone to Europe.

QUEEN VICTORIA is President of a German Aid Society, in England, which has donated over one million dollars to the German wounded.

THERE is considerable reason for believing that A. B. Long, the recently deceased United States Attorney at New Orleans, was murdered.

THE Rev. E. E. Cheevers, of Waterford, N. Y., is the youngest minister on record. He is twenty years old, and has been preaching six years.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA, whose crime was to love liberty too well, is just released from a British prison, through the persistent efforts of his wife.

C. D. HATCH, the physician who was in the theatre when President Lincoln was assassinated, and first examined his wound, has just died at Milford, O.

A GRANITE monument has been placed over the grave of the late Bishop of Bath and Wells, in the palace churchyard, adjoining Wells Cathedral, England.

PROFESSOR GEORGE DAVIDSON, of the United States Coast Survey, has been appointed Professor of Astronomy and Geology in the University of California.

THE Right Hon. Edward Cardwell has succeeded the Right Hon. W. E. Forster as Minister in attendance upon her Majesty Queen Victoria, at Balmoral.

CAPTAIN GILLESPIE, who rescued McGartland, the sole survivor of the Cambria, has received many valuable presents, in acknowledgment of his bravery.

THE Catholic population of Baltimore, Md., gave Archbishop M. J. Spaulding a most imposing reception, on the occasion of his return from Rome, November 10.

THE toilet of Eugenie, in exile, is as carefully observed as in her palmist days. She still looks young, and her eyes are the most striking features of her face.

THE Earl of Onslow, the oldest member of the House of Lords, recently died at the age of ninety-three. He was succeeded by his great nephew, a lad sixteen years of age.

GENERAL EDWARD M. M'COOK, Governor of Colorado, is about visiting the Eastern States. He is probably more familiar with the Indian question in all its phases than any other man.

GEORGE HAYWARD, the eminent geographer, who received the gold medal of the Rogers Geographical Society last year, was brutally murdered in August, in the wild mountain district of Africa.

Among the French prisoners at Stettin, in Prussia, is a black officer of Zouaves. He is quite a hero in that city, and countless stories are told of him. He is said to be a nephew of Theodore of Abyssinia.

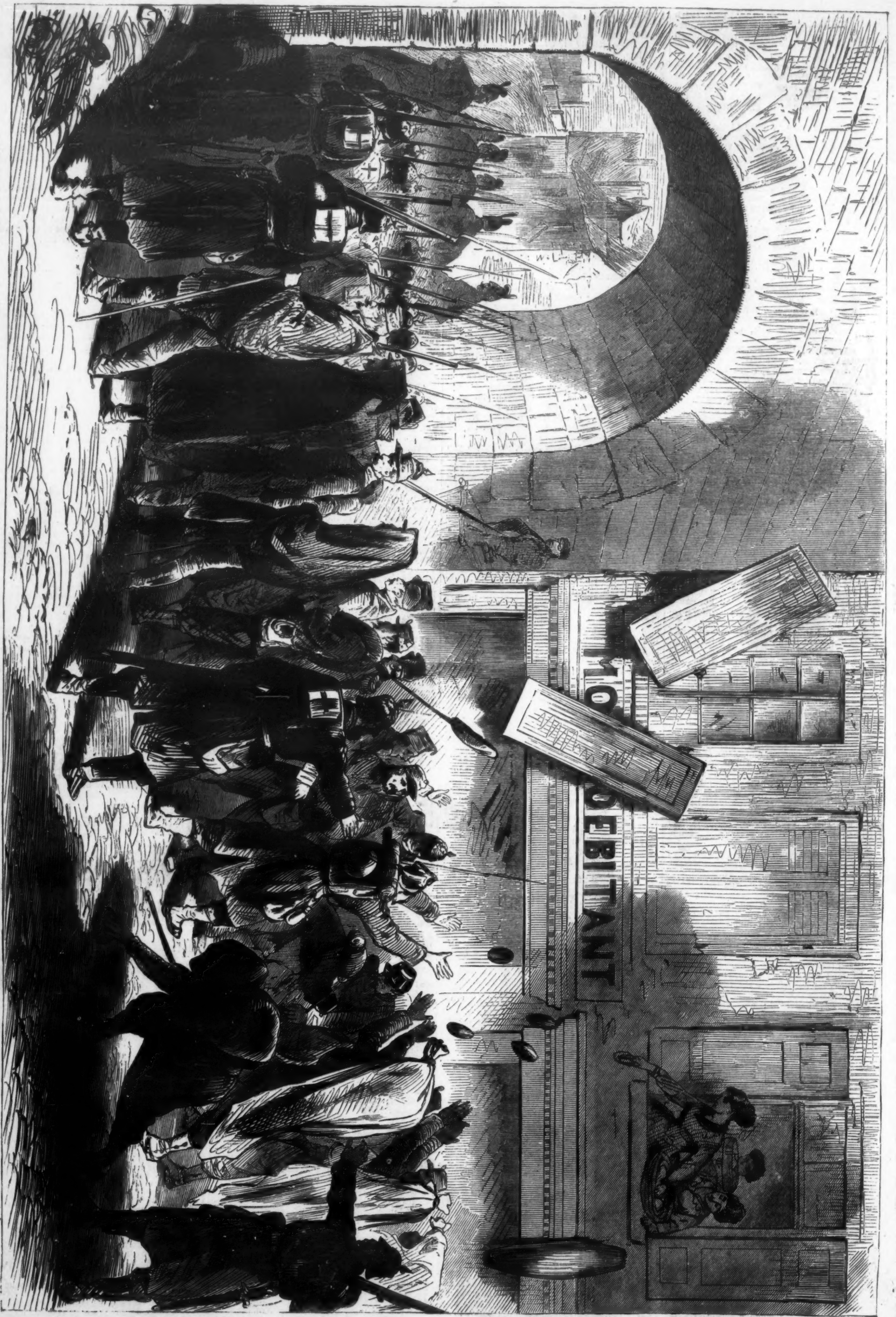
THE modern Joan d'Arc, at Tours, is a very handsome, tall young woman, with the flashing eyes, white teeth and olive cheek of Italy. She wears a sort of helmet, a breastplate, short, full petticoat, and altogether makes quite a striking picture.

LADY YOUNG, wife of Sir John Young, Governor-General of Canada, is one of the most beautiful and cultivated ladies in society. Her graceful and unaffected manners charm all who have the pleasure of meeting her. Since her sojourn in New York city, Lady Young has been handsomely entertained by many of our leading fashionables.

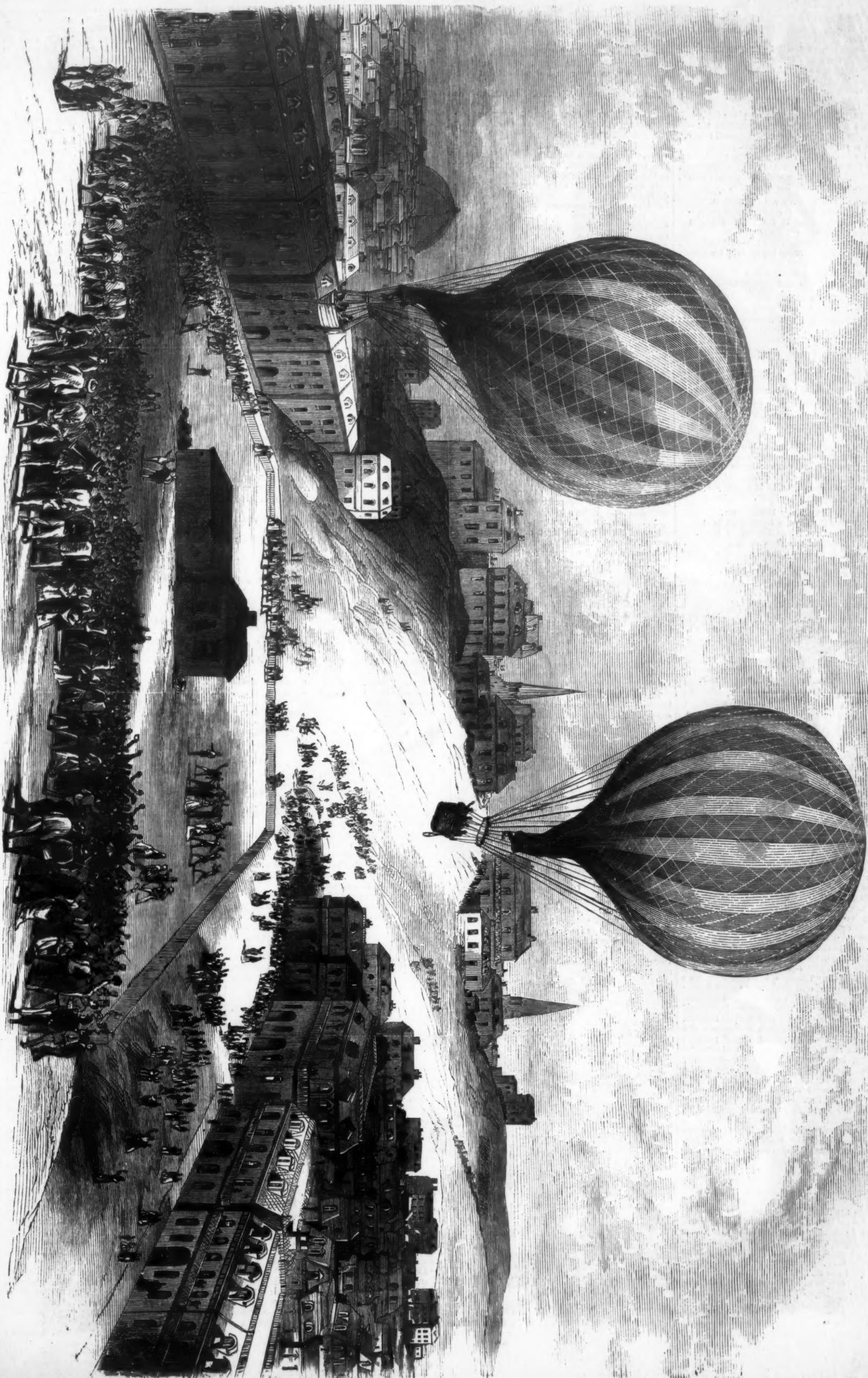
MUEHLHAUSE, the foreman of the pyrotechnic department in the arsenal at Swinemunde, Prussia, who plunged his bare hands and arms elbow-deep into a boiler of scolding pitch and took therefrom an extensive hand-grenade which a workman had accidentally dropped into it, thereby saving many lives and that part of the town from the effects of a terrific explosion, was recently presented by the citizens with a costly gold watch and a splendid sword, in token of their appreciation of his heroism.

A COURSE of four lectures of more than usual interest is to be delivered in the Gethsemane Baptist Church, Brooklyn, this winter. The first occurs November 15th: "What I Saw in the Old World," by Rev. W. H. Pendleton; the second, on the 22d: "Something New," by Rev. J. Hyatt Smith; the third, on the 29th: "Ireland as I Saw it," by Rev. A. B. Gillette, D.D.; and the last, on December 7th: "From the Barney Stone to Vesuvius," by Rev. J. Halsted Carroll, D.D. These gentlemen possess fine ability as popular lecturers, and the attractive character of their discourses cannot fail to draw large and thoughtful audiences. The course is for the benefit of the church.

FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR LEAVING THE CITY OF SEDAN FOR GERMANY, SUBSEQUENT TO THE SURRENDER OF MACMAHON'S ARMY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1870.—SEE PAGE 165.



DEPARTURE OF PASSENGER BALLOONS, WITH M. GAMBETTA, CHIEF OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, AND HIS SECRETARY, IN ONE, AND THREE AMERICAN GENTLEMEN IN THE OTHER, FROM THE PLACE ST. PIERRE, MONTMARTRE, PARIS, OCTOBER 6, 1870.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. PALMIST.—SEE PAGE 166.



ON THE MOSELLE.

WHILE the leaves are falling I sit and think
Of my friend, young Albert, so brave and true,
For it links the past with a golden link
To these days of darker hue.
Oh! the skies were bright with the hues that lay
And laughed from the water, smooth as glass,
As we stood in the "Bois" on that July day
To see the Emperor pass.

Silent he sat in his cushioned place
With a sombre brow and an absent air—
Just a shadow that darkened his stolid face,
With a slight *souffron* of care.
While I wondered whether a doubt, perchance,
Sent the moisture, making his gray eye wet,
Some thought of the deepening doom of France,
Or the smoke from his cigarette.

All Paris was wild with a new delight,
As she dreamed of the old heroic days,
For the people proud in the broad sunlight
Went singing the "Marseillaise."
Young Albert he sang with the rest and said,
While the light breeze toyed with his glossy curls,
That the rich Rhine land was a fitting bed
For the ranks of the Prussian churls.

"*Hé bien!*—The war will be brief," said he,
"A deadly battle—the foe's retreat—
Till the cheers ring out from our squadrons
free,
Parading the Berlin street.
Just a warm short month for the whole cam-
paign—

Then hey! for the house 'neath the grand
old trees,
Where my love will welcome me home again,
And crown me—*ma belle Louise!*"

We parted—O friend of the dear dead past!
With a grasp that told of the true heart's
core;
I breathed "*adieu!*" with a brow o'ercast;
But he said—"au revoir!"
He went where the bristling bayonets bright
Kept watch and ward o'er the shining Rhine,
For he sought his home in the heady fight,
While I sped back to mine.

His letter, it lies on my bosom now,
Brim full of the joyous heart that beat
With hope that reddened his manly brow,
When he told of the foe's defeat.
His words breathe warm from the paper
white—

"Hurrah! for the day is won for us,
And I date from the captured Saarbrück
height;
We conquer—*à bas La Prusse!*"

And then came the telegram, sharp and brief,
That flashed o'er the cable—"Albert shot
As he charged by the side of his gallant chief
In the van at Gravelotte."
Ah! gallant boy with the clustered hair,
And heart of fire so tried and true,
The shot has shattered that forehead fair,
And blinded those eyes of blue!

Ah, me! I wonder if this be well,
That kings and princes should stand apart
To fill fair lands with the funeral knell—
Drain the blood from the nation's heart!
But this I know, there are weeping eyes
In the home 'neath the old ancestral trees,
And I sigh to think of the grief that lies
In the soul of *La belle Louise!*

THE LOST LINK;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED).

EACH competitor was to have three shots, and the winner was to receive an exquisite enamel and pearl bracelet, the highest prize of the day. Lady Driffield first advanced. Her arrow lodged near the bull's-eye, but not even within its outer circle. Isabel Abby was more fortunate; hers was within Lady Driffield's, and so near to the circle, that it at first seemed to pierce it. Then Lady Alice advanced. Very lovely she looked as she stood, her light fairy figure, graceful as Titania's, her eyes fully open in her eager gaze, and yet partly veiled by the drooping lashes that fringed them. She drew the bow. Her arrow flew to the circle, and pierced it by the side of, and within Isabel's. Another round, and with less success on the part of all. The excitement might perhaps make them nervous, for the aim was scarcely so steady, nor the twang of the bow so firm and true. Lady Driffield laughed gayly as she took her stand for the third time.

"I give notice I shall not win," she said, glancing around her.

She let her arrow fly at the moment, and, as she predicted, it fell wider of the mark than her first had done—so wide that it might have been supposed to have been done with a purpose. Then came Isabel's turn. Her fair cheek was flushed, and there was a restless eagerness in her eyes, as she stood there gracefully poised her bow, and carefully calculating her aim. It was an exciting moment; then the relief came; the arrow flew past, and landed in the bull's-eye. A cheer rose among the male part of the spectators, and Lord Rushbrooke advanced to lead the fair victor from the stand, with pious words of congratulation and compliment. But Lady Alice had yet a turn. Algernon whispered something in her ear that brought the blood to her cheek, and a light to her eyes that might have shone in the glance of her crusading ancestor on a field of battle; and the girl firmly planted her foot, and, pausing calmly and steadily, her eyes fixed on the target with a keen, eagle gaze, she gave one quick, firm, sharp twang of the bow. There was a second of breathless suspense; then Lady Alice's arrow fixed firm in that of her friend, and carried it with it through the bull's-eye. A shout of applause,

irresistible, spontaneous, and ringing, rose from the throng.

Lady Alice's quick eyes glanced round, with the half-grateful, half-proud look of a queen, which says, "I thank you, but accept it as my right," and then, taking Algernon's arm, she retired quickly to the spot where Mrs. Abby was sitting, an eager and now mortified spectator of the contest.

"You did yourself justice, Lady Alice," he whispered.

"It was your doing. But for your encouragement, I should scarcely have tried to win," she replied, and her hand was involuntarily pressed as he handed her to a seat by her *chaperone*, and hastened to take his place among the male competitors, whose sport succeeded to the one just concluded.

It were vain and wearisome repetition to describe the gentlemen's contest, to which perhaps some additional zest was given by the fact that the successful competitor would have the privilege of placing the coveted bracelet on the arm of the fair winner of the prize. And, either from that stimulant or his own experience in such matters, Algernon Dacre carried off the prize, and became possessor of at once a silver arrow, and the right to deliver the bracelet to Lady Alice. The other prizes were shot for, refreshments served among the guests, and then the fair winners of the prizes were placed on a sort of dais erected near the spot, and the ceremony began.

Many and envious eyes were fixed on Algernon and Lady Alice, as the former clasped the beautiful trinket on the fair arm she extended toward him; Isabel Abby's color faded and then flushed back into her hot cheeks, as the applause sounded, and Algernon's murmured words of congratulation and graceful compliment reached her quick ears. From that moment her friendship to Lady Alice had changed into jealous and bitter resentment, that could never be crushed down but by the humiliation of her rival.

The groups now dispersed in various parts of the grounds and park, till the clang of the dinner-bell announced that refreshments were being served, in a large tent erected for the purpose. Lord Rushbrooke and Isabel Abby were among the first to enter the marquee, and the fair West Indian was led to one of the places of honor by the first nobleman of the assembled throng.

It was a proud moment for Mrs. Abby—it should have been a proud and happy one for Isabel; and yet she felt that it availed her nothing while Lady Alice was wandering, with Algernon Dacre, by the side of the fair lake, and, it might be, listening to words of half-valued admiration and love. Her eyes traveled restlessly to the door of the marquee till she saw them appear, and scanned the faces of both. Algernon's wore a softer and happier look than she had yet seen on his features; and Lady Alice looked lovely with the habitual vivacity that sparkled in her eyes and smiled on her lips.

Isabel saw it all, and so did Lord Rushbrooke. They were happy in each other's society. The mischief had begun to work; and the chances that the fascination thus felt would strengthen into love, were more than trembling in the balance. Had they heard the last words that had passed between them, ere entering the tent, these fears might have been strengthened into certainty.

"You are decidedly destined to relieve me in critical circumstances, Captain Dacre," said Lady Alice, playfully. "First, you saved me when my life, and now when my credit, was in danger."

"Thanks to your own courage in both cases," he replied, smiling.

She was silent for a few moments; then Lady Alice said, more gravely, "I sometimes think the accident that gave my father his present position was not so fortunate for me as it appears. Heiresses are such petted creatures, and I am so willful by nature, that I want some truer friend than I am likely to possess, to save me from greater dangers than a restive horse or a stray arrow."

"Would you permit such interference, if it were offered, Lady Alice?" he said, looking at her in some surprise.

"I do not know," she replied, frankly. "I am very proud and wayward; but I have just enough sense to comprehend that those very qualities may destroy my happiness; and I am just in a position to foster them to the utmost. I almost wish that I were plain Alice Dorville again."

"Almost?" said Algernon, and he smiled meaningly.

"Yes, almost," she repeated, laughing. "I will not answer for myself if I were tried. I dare say I should then fancy I had rather be Lady Alice, heiress of Ashton. But we must not pursue such wild discussions now. I scarcely know what makes me inclined to talk so freely to you, Captain Dacre—only I think you understand me."

He smiled; their eyes met; and Lady Alice did not doubt that she was understood.

The festivities of the day were concluded with a dance *à fresco*, and so long continued that it was moonlight ere the party separated.

"You will come over to see us to-morrow, Lord Rushbrooke?" said Mrs. Abby, as she put Isabel in the carriage.

"I shall have the honor of asking after you and Miss Abby," he said, with a stiff bow to Lady Alice, at the same moment.

The young nobleman bowed, a sort of doubtful assent, and the carriages drew off.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE hot, noontide rays of a July sun were beating fiercely on the windows of one of the spacious apartments of Dacre Abbey. It was the antique library which Algernon had described to his friend, in all its gloomy magnificence, into which the animating light of day

thus poured, gilding its dark oak paneling, its deep crimson curtains, its Rembrandts and Poussins, with a temporary brilliance. Look at Sir Rupert as he sits, or rather reclines, in his deep invalid chair, in which his wasted figure is almost lost. Shrunken to emaciation, pallid to the very hue of parchment, and bloodless as if the veins were filled with gall rather than blood—the sole indication of life and energy in that mummy-like frame is the intense coal-like brilliancy of the eyes; coal-black in hue, half shaded by deep and overhanging lids, and deepened in their morose sternness by thick and shaggy eyebrows, those mirrors of the soul spoke of the unyielding, unsoftened fierceness of the heart within; and they told their tale truly.

Sir Rupert was alone; he brooked not even the presence of an attendant; but he had a small handbell on a table close to his chair, and a servant was ever within call, save when Mr. Geoffrey might be with his father. Some trifle had perhaps awakened the harsh discordant strings of painful memories, for his heavy brow was knitted, and once the lips parted, and the word "Never!" stole through the closed teeth.

There was a brief interval, and then a step was heard, the door opened, and Geoffrey Dacre entered the room, with a letter in his hand. We said that he was the counterpart of his father; perhaps it was scarcely an accurate description of the heir of the Dacres. Geoffrey was dark, powerfully built, with massive black hair and strongly-marked features; and so far he was molded in the family type; but the resemblance to his father was yet imperfect. There was more sensuality in the large lips, more cunning in the eyes, and less power and intellect in the brow and general expression of the features. Yet there was a strong likeness, one that at a glance proclaimed the young man's parentage.

"You are stronger this morning, sir," he said. "I am glad, very glad; more especially as I have matters of some importance to consult you upon. They turn on persons and names which you have forbidden to be pronounced or alluded to in your presence."

Sir Rupert's fingers played convulsively with the large tassel of the dressing-gown in which he was wrapped.

"Speak," he said, "but briefly; in few words, no comments, no circumlocution."

"It is well," said Geoffrey, submissively. "It relieves me of a load of responsibility, sir, to be able to place the matter in your decision. It is of Algernon this letter speaks; he is *fit*, admired, and the chosen favorite of the beautiful heiress of Lord Ashton. Fortune, rank, all that is most enviable; superior even to my utmost prospects, will be his, in such a marriage; and I could myself aspire to it, Sir Rupert. Is this to be tolerated in a—?"

He stopped, for the old man shook as if with a palsy.

"Say it again, say it again. Whom do you say?" he gasped.

"Lady Alice Compton, the heiress of the Ashton title and estates, gives open encouragement to Algernon."

Again a sign from his father warned Geoffrey to stop. Even he could scarcely decipher the violent emotion on the harsh features, the working of the veins and muscles under the parchment skin.

"Well," gasped the old man, at length.

"Well, what then? Speak, boy, speak!"

"Nay, sir," said Geoffrey, with that affectation of deep respect that seemed to hang on the very look of that object of reverence. "I have said enough. Heaven knows I would not willingly torture you with painful memories. Algernon hates us both, and he would triumph over the victory thus gained, and despite the lawful heir of your name and honors, when the estates of the Comptons were his, and their heiress in his power, as his bride."

Sir Rupert gasped painfully.

"I cannot—I cannot," he said, hoarsely. "I cannot bring shame and ridicule on myself, Geoffrey; I cannot spread the hideous tale. Anything else—anything else—but not that."

"Then you will permit this rich reward to be showered on the son of—?"

"Boy, boy!" exclaimed Sir Rupert, stopping him abruptly, "even you may go too far. Never taunt me thus again, or you may chance to rue this day."

Geoffrey's dark countenance grew sullen, and his voice lowered deeply, as he replied, "At least, Sir Rupert, you may give me authority to publish the fact of Algernon's disinherence, and that he is an alien to your house and your name forever? I would cut off my right hand, I would part with the best acres of my inheritance, rather than see him the husband of Lady Alice Compton."

"Lady Alice Compton!" cried Sir Rupert, starting. "Boy, what does this mean? Have you dared to bestow a thought, a wish, on a daughter of that cursed race?"

Sir Rupert's fierce glance pierced the very depths of that dark, sinister face; but Geoffrey bore its scrutiny well.

"I assure you I never even saw Lady Alice Compton in my life, sir," he replied, coolly; "but I have a decided objection, far deeper than idle rivalry, to seeing Algernon become the virtual heir of that powerful and wealthy house, and all your just plans utterly frustrated. If you are repentant, if you feel any qualms of conscience, I at least am firm to the purpose of a life, the vindication of the family honor, the washing out, even with blood, the foul spot on an untarnished name."

"How did you learn this news?" said his father, suddenly.

"It matters little," replied Geoffrey; "it is a friend, an old friend of mine, one who has little love for Algernon, and who has witnessed with indignation the arts with which he has striven to win and cajole this foolish girl; I can answer for him as for myself."

"It is idle folly," said Sir Rupert, musingly. "Boy, he is but preparing fresh mortification for himself. Think you that the proud earl

will give his only child to a penniless, untitled outcast from his family? It is madness."

"She is an only child, a spoiled darling," said Geoffrey, "and her will may be law. Only give me your authority to act, and it shall be prevented, even without the full exposure of the wretched truth."

Sir Rupert was silent for some seconds.

"Listen, boy," at length he said. "I must act for myself. Time enough to loosen the reins when these hands are cold and nerveless in the grave. Perhaps I may employ you—perhaps I may adopt the plan your hot young brain would suggest; but it must not be in such fiery, thoughtless haste. Let Mr. Selwyn be sent for. I will see him in the morning—that is, at midday; not sooner, not sooner—and then I will complete what should have been finished long since. But I am not going to die yet, boy—not yet. Don't hunger for your heritage, for it may be many a long year ere you receive it. And, harkye, my brain is clear, and my comprehension as strong as in my earliest days of health and strength. The blow has fallen on the body, not the mind. And if you—even you—dare to act any underhand part; to attempt to make a tool of a supposed helpless father; ay, even to work on my passions—my deep, burning remembrance of the past—why, then you shall find that the same measure may be meted to you as you would mete to others. Rupert Dacre knows no distinction of persons; no law but his own strong, relentless will."

Geoffrey's face assumed a chameleon-like variety of expression as his father spoke, and he answered:

"My only reply is, that I trust you will deal out strict measure to me when you are able to prove any such unfilial presumption on my part. I only ask for justice, and that I know I shall have from Sir Rupert Dacre."

"Well, well," said the old man, "I wish to believe it. Now leave me, and mind you send for Selwyn at once—at once."

Geoffrey listened quietly—not a muscle moved. His face returned to its normal state of dark and half sullen gloom; and his brief "You shall be obeyed, sir—instantly obeyed," was spoken in a distinct but passionless tone, more like a soldier under command than a son listening to directions that might decide his destiny for life.

As he rose to leave the room, he accidentally pushed against the table where the hand-bell stood. The movement made it tinkle, as a faint but instantaneous vibration from the fingers might have done. In another second the attendant, whose care it was to attend especially on Sir Rupert, and whose position hovered between a domestic and a secretary, appeared with magical rapidity. Geoffrey darted a sharp glance at him, but his impassive features bore it unmoved.

"Sir Rupert did not ring," he said, abruptly.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Dacre; I thought I heard the bell."

The man was retiring, when his master addressed him.

"Stop, Mark," said he.

An automaton-like cessation of the slightest movement almost accompanied the words.

Perhaps one of the qualities most valued in Mark Trenchard was the prompt, unquestioning, silent obedience with which he carried out his orders. No Jesuit could have been more blindly submissive or more intelligently comprehending than the said Mark.

"You need not go," said Sir Rupert; "I want you. Geoffrey, see that it is attended to. I am weary now."

The son took the dismissal as it was meant, and disappeared through the French window, which had admitted him half an hour before.

Mark Trenchard remained standing like one of the lifeless statues that adorned the room, rather than a living, breathing being. Sir Rupert scarcely seemed conscious of his presence for a quarter of an hour or more; then he turned abruptly to the attendant.

"Mark," said he, "where is your aunt? Is she living, and where?"

"My Aunt Helen, of course you mean, Sir Rupert. She is living about five miles from Dacre Court."

Sir Rupert liked this terse, pointed style, that especially distinguished Mark.

"Can she be brought here?" said Sir Rupert. "Is she more infirm than she was—too infirm for the transit?"

"I think she could, Sir Rupert. She is much changed of late, and never leaves her room; but if you desire it, and if a carriage—I mean a conveyance—could be sent for her, I would answer for the possibility of bringing her here."

"Go for her," said Sir Rupert. "Take the chariot; take pillows—a bed—anything; but I must see her. If she is carried into my very presence, let her come. Things of more importance than life or death depend on it. Life and death—it is only grovelling fools that consider those the all-powerful motives of action."

Mark disappeared, and the old man sank exhausted in his chair.

CHAPTER IX.

THE wheels of the roomy and luxurious chariot, which was perhaps the most antique, and the most perfect in its smooth ease of motion, of all the numerous equipages of Dacre Abbey, were heard rolling rapidly away from the Park, and Geoffrey's quick ears detected the sound, but his imperious questioning as to its destination was not easily gratified.

"Sir Rupert ordered it, Mr. Dacre, and Mr. Mark is gone with it—that is all we know," was the reply of the stable underling, and Geoffrey returned moodily to the house.

"It shall not be," he said; "at any cost, it shall not be. I said it should be washed out, if necessary, with blood, and I will keep my word."

Meanwhile the carriage rolled on till it reached a kind of forest wood intersected by bridle and foot paths, and with one somewhat

rude but sufficiently wide carriage-way in the centre. The coachman stopped here for further orders, and was directed to take this road, and drive till he saw a white cottage between the trees, where he was to wait till summoned by Mark.

The man, like most of the Dacre Abbey servants, had somewhat of the automaton in his composition, and remained stolidly on the box, as if nailed to his seat, while Mark hurried through some by-paths to his destination. It was a large white cottage, in a sort of clearing at the verge of the wood, with a richly-luxuriant and well-kept garden, fenced round by a thickly-trimmed hedge.

The cottage was somewhat peculiarly built, with gable ends and a projecting roof. But the most singular feature of the external appearance was a large cross, of ponderous dimensions, securely fastened with iron clasps of unusual strength to the wall, and reaching to within two feet of the ground. It was a queer, clumsy-looking thing, and the frequent subject of remark by the passers-by; but the tenant of the cottage and her nephew, Mark, were perhaps the only persons who had either examined or comprehended its whole construction and object. Mark gave a quick glance at the cross, as if to ascertain its unimpaired safety. Then he passed under the humble arched doorway, and opened a door immediately on one side of the entrance.

It was a simply furnished chamber, and one that appeared to answer two purposes, namely, bed and sitting-room; and yet there was a freshness and good taste in its arrangement, that spoke of the presiding spirit of one accustomed to refinement.

The chief tenant of this chamber was a woman of perhaps some fifty or more years of age.

Little had Helen Trenchard retained of the once valued charms, save the large curtained eyes and the ivory teeth, which still preserved the shape of the well-cut mouth.

Helen's eyes lighted eagerly as Mark entered. "What is it?" she said. "What is it? Has it come at last?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'come at last,' aunt," said Mark; "I only wish that an event would come which shall be nameless. I'm almost tired of this slavery—as well live in an iron mask."

"Mark," she said, "it will bring an ample reward—ay, perhaps a double one, if you continue on the career till the last. But what is it?—speak—what brings you here, unless it is his death?"

"Well, as to that," said Mark, "he's been half dead for these five years. He wants you, and says you must come, if it is on your bed; and nothing else would serve, but he has sent the big chariot for you."

"Why did he send no message? What has happened?" she asked.

"Mr. Geoffrey has had a talk with his father about the other son, you know; and, so far as I can make out, the lawyer is to be sent for to draw up a fresh will, or alter the old one, to-morrow; and then, when Mr. Geoffrey had gone out, he sent me off like a sky-rocket for you."

"I expected it," said Helen, musingly; "I expected it. Leave me for a few minutes, Mark. Grace shall call you when I am ready."

Mark obeyed, and strolled out across the little garden. Again his eyes turned on the cross, and there was a look of satisfaction, and yet of curious speculation, on his face, as he considered that unusual device.

In a few minutes the little maid came to summon him.

Slowly and feebly the invalid moved to the entrance of her cottage garden, and with some effort reached the carriage.

"I am strong now, Mark," she said, firmly—"strong to meet him—strong to carry out my purpose. I knew full well he could not die without seeing me once more, without searching into past scenes, reviewing past memories. You have done your part well and skillfully, and you shall be amply rewarded. Some day you may know all."

She relapsed into silence, and ere long they reached the gates of the Abbey.

CHAPTER X.

AND now Sir Rupert was awaiting the interview which he had himself brought about, with that remarkable mingling of eagerness and shrinking that betokens a thrilling interest in its result. The door opened slowly, and Helen Trenchard came noiselessly into the room.

Sir Rupert's eyes were fixed with a sort of fascination at the tall, shadowy form approached, and sank down on a large fauteuil that had been placed close to his.

"You sent for me, Rupert Dacre," she said. He bowed his head.

"I did," he said. "Are you astonished at the summons?"

"No; I have expected it for many a long month and year," she replied. "What do you want?"

"I sent for you to speak of the past, and to annul, should there exist, any lingering remains of the sole weakness of my life."

"Think again, Rupert Dacre; think again. Is there no crime on your conscience, or, rather, has not your whole life been one career of cruel selfishness, of hard tyranny, of unpardonable sins? There is even murder on your soul—double murder; for you killed, in earlier days, the innocence, the peace, of one—perhaps the only one—who loved you. Then you tore a reluctant girl from her home, her idolized lover, her every hope of youthful happiness; you brought her here, and then you murdered her. Is there not ground for bitter remorse there? Look on me, Rupert Dacre—on me, the wreck of the once light-hearted Helen, who worshiped your every glance, hung on your every word. How did you repay my devotion? With treachery. Look at me now. Dare you say you should not feel remorse?"

"It was folly, it was folly!" he said, impatiently.

"Again?" she said. "Still the same; still the same. Man, did you not swear—solemnly swear—that so soon as you had the power, so soon as Sir Geoffrey died, you would marry me? And even if I were to be sacrificed, what of the child, our poor innocent boy, Rupert Dacre?"

He shivered, rather than started, with a sudden violence of emotion, that was too genuine to be doubted.

"Our boy!" he gasped. "Woman, it is a hideous lie! There was none. When I married, you confessed that our boy was dead."

"It matters not what I said," she replied; "it matters not. Our boy lived—is living now—another to curse you—another crime to weigh down your spirit to the very dust."

"Where?" he demanded, fiercely. "Where? Does he know?"

"It is too late to ask that now; or, at least, not till I choose to satisfy that tardy question," she replied. "But I have not done. I said that you brought that poor helpless victim here. She loved you not. Nevertheless, she would have done her duty. But again your fiendish nature betrayed itself, and her blood is on your hands."

"No, no, no!" he groaned; "it is not so; you know that it is not. She was false, guilty, base. It was not my sin, it was her guilt—my wife's—that wrought her fate."

A strange look came over the woman's face.

"Are you sure of that?" she asked. "Have you no fear that the spirit of your murdered wife will rise up in judgment against you?"

"Why should I?" he said. "Why should I? I could not leave the disgrace unpunished."

"Disgrace!" she repeated, scornfully. "Disgrace! Have you preserved any love for that young wife, that fair Ida, whom you once swore to cherish and to foster? Have you never thought that the day might come when she would demand of you, 'Where is my child, my Algernon?'"

"What has your blind fury brought upon him? Rupert Dacre, that, too, rests on your conscience, and will be required at your hands."

"No—no—no," he gasped. "It was true—quite true. You know it, woman. I saw the letters—I had the proof. Algernon is no son of mine. Hated son of a hated rival, I banished him from my hearth—I disinherited him—and I was just. Who dares blame me for the deed?"

"That is no answer," she said.

"Why torment me, woman?" he demanded, fiercely. "I tell you I was justified. I would act so again. No, no; I do not feel remorse. Helen, I loved you with a youthful passion—ardent, vehement and irresistible, but transient; but for Ida, for my wife, it was the intense, devouring homage, that must either have its return, or turn to deadly vengeance and hatred."

"And what penance would you have done had she been innocent?" she asked, calmly.

His eyes fell beneath her gaze.

"What fiend has prompted such a question?" he said, fiercely. "You know the proofs—they were unmistakable. Speak, woman! Is it not so?"

Helen did not reply for some minutes; she bore that agonized look of entreaty without moving a muscle of her face. At last she stooped down, and for some minutes a low whispering might have been heard, and the words were spoken in slow and thrillingly distinct accents, such as convey each syllable clearly to the brain, and stamp it on the heart of the listener.

Rupert Dacre's ear was not moved from the lips that hissed the scorching tidings on the nerves of the agonized brain. He heard all. He endured it till the torture was complete.

"Fiend in woman's form!" he said. "Cruel! heartless!"

"No fiend," she said, sarcastically, "but only that very common and uninteresting object, an injured and indignant victim of man's treachery. You have called me 'cruel' and 'heartless'; does it not strike you that the epithets you so kindly apply to me might fit elsewhere?"

"Curse of my life!" he said. "You swear it? And yet, what avails your oath? Either you were perjured then or now."

"You can scarcely doubt me," she said.

"As I am a dying woman, the words I have spoken are true."

An ashen horror came over his stern face.

"And why conceal it so long?" he asked.

"Why tell me now? Answer me that, and I will believe you."

"That is soon explained," she said. "I desired to keep it in my own breast till you had suffered to the full the torments of a contrary belief; and now I could swear it to you, in order to add to your agony by a remorse that it is too late to turn into repentance."

"Too late!" he shouted; "too late! It is false, woman! It is never too late on this side the grave. I can yet act on this revelation if you really swear to its truth. Yes, yes, I can do something—enough to prove that—that—"

She interrupted him, speaking rapidly and sternly.

"Have you never heard," she said, "that there is an hour when all repentance is too late—when the most anxious efforts are vain, and the stern hand of fate frustrates any attempt to undo the past? So shall it be with you. Now, do your worst. Call your attendant; summon your agents; but rest assured that Helen Trenchard has not lived and suffered and waited in vain."

She calmly rose, and rested on the arm of her large chair, till her nephew obeyed the summons.

"Mark, take me from hence," she said, ere Sir Rupert could speak; "take me from this apartment, but not from this house. Sir Rupert, it may be well for me to remain here twenty-four hours. My presence may be useful, and I shall not trouble you longer, nor ever return to those hated walls."

Sir Rupert was either too feeble for further

contest, or thankful to get rid of his hated and dreaded companion, for he only gave one assenting nod, and saying to Mark, "Quick! return! no delay!" he sank back on his pillow, and closed his eyes, as if to shut out the very image of his late visitor.

Mark conducted his aunt to an apartment that had been already prepared for her.

"Mark," she said, in a low tone, "you have been dutiful and docile to me thus far, and you shall not repent it. But, mind me, you must not deviate from my commands; and do not let one particle escape you of all that may take place, especially for the next twenty-four hours. Now go, and redouble your obedience and docility to your master."

The young man left the room without a word of remonstrance.

Helen threw herself back on those soft pillows, that might well have been a couch of thorns, and her fragile frame shook and writhed under the strong violence of the passion pent up within.

CHAPTER XI.

AT noon on the following day, Mr. Selwyn, the old family solicitor, arrived at the Abbey, and was closeted with Sir Rupert Dacre. On this occasion, both before and after the instructions which were issued on the present occasion, the baronet exacted from him the most solemn promises of secrecy.

"And, harkye, do it yourself. Do not employ one of your prating, consequential underlings; and let it be done here, at once."

Mr. Selwyn assented. The task did not appear a very long one, and when he repaired once more to the baronet's chamber, and read to him its contents, a grim smile of satisfaction crossed the dark features of his patron.

"It is well," he said; "it is well. Call Mark and Burnaby to witness. Let them only believe that it is some ordinary deed that you want me to sign."

Ah, how often excessive precaution defeats its own ends! Mr. Selwyn obeyed. The steward and the personal attendant were called. The thin, bony fingers of Sir Rupert Dacre once more clutched the long-unused pen, and signed his name. Then he ordered the two trusted members of his household to affix their names, while the page itself was carefully concealed from their view; then they were dismissed from the room.

"Selwyn," resumed the baronet, when they had disappeared, "let this be put in the secret drawer of yonder escritoire—that one, I mean, with the old Indian carvings. It can only be opened by myself, but I will show you the secret. I must trust some one—why not you?"

The lawyer obeyed, with a half smile on his face, and brought the little cabinet in question to his patron. Sir Rupert opened it with a key in his own possession, and then with some difficulty his stiff and trembling fingers found the skillfully-constructed spring, and he displayed the recess to his companion's eyes.

"There," said he; "that is its depository, remember. And mind, when I am gone, you will take care that it is at once and effectually produced. And the other, which you have in your possession—can you not come again with it to-day?"

"My dear sir, it is of no real importance," observed Mr. Selwyn, quietly. "You are perfectly aware that the last-executed will must ever make all others null and void. I cannot return with it to-day; but I will either bring it or send it to-morrow."

"Bring it, bring it," said the old man, impatiently. "I will have no interlopers. I will look for you to-morrow. Do not fail."

"I really think I can gratify you, Sir Rupert," said the lawyer, musingly. "I have to attend a case at Newcastle to-morrow, and I rather think that I could also see you, were I to wait for the morning; so, if you will give me the honor of a night's lodging, I will return here this evening, and start for Newcastle early after breakfast. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Certainly, certainly; of course you can," said the baronet, eagerly. "You can dine here, if you like, and remain till morning."

With a respectful bow the lawyer withdrew.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

ON the 31st of last month, the work on the Mont Cenis Tunnel had so far progressed, that there remained less than two thousand feet of forty thousand to pierce; and as the present rate of progress is about five hundred feet per month, the communication will probably be complete by the commencement of next year.

THAT royal author, the King of Burmah, has had an edition of three hundred copies of a Burmese Grammar of Pali printed at his own press, in the palace. To the horror of learned men of the old school, he has determined to discard the making of palm-leaf books.

THE total population of England, in round numbers, may be estimated at 20,000,000, of whom 1,000,000 are paupers. On January 1st, 1869, the total number of registered insane was 63,402. Reckoning the population of the United States at 40,000,000, if our insane bear the same ratio to the population, we have about 106,000 insane within the Union; but the ratio is doubtless considerably lower. One to 700 is believed by good judges to be about the true ratio, and this will give nearly 60,000 insane.

THE Russian Government has recently presented to the cabinet of the School of Mines, of Columbia College, U. S., a very choice collection of minerals. Conspicuous among them are nuggets of native gold, native platinum, iridosmine, large emeralds from the Ural (single and in clusters in the gangue), topaz, chrome garnet, malachite, etc.—in all four hundred and fifty-six rare specimens.

SALMON are found in great abundance on the Pacific coast. The San Francisco Bulletin says: "From Mexico to Alaska, every clear stream running into the ocean is frequented by salmon. These fish even ascend small streams which one can jump across, and the number which frequent large streams is wonderful. The size, quality, and shape vary considerably in the different streams, the largest being caught in the Sacramento River. While the salmon theoretically must have clear water, it is remarkable that it seems to thrive in the muddy waters of the Sacramento."

NEWS BREVITIES.

KANSAS CITY is a great cattle mart.

PITTSBURGH is overrun with robbers.

The old house of Daniel Webster is for sale.

VERMONT has a man with a beard seven feet long.

By the laws of Iowa no quail can be shot before 1872.

The property of New Orleans is assessed at \$141,304,102.

THE Boston reporters have formed a Reporters' Union.

NINE new steamboats are being built at Pittsburgh, Pa.

BEARS are plentiful in the mountains above San Antonio, Tex.

A fox appeared on Fourth street, Cincinnati, the other day.

PARIS, Me., manufactures yearly ten thousand wheelbarrows.

FOUR physicians have died of yellow fever this season at Mobile.

PITTSBURGH has thirty-two iron, nine steel, and two copper mills.

BASEBALL has killed twenty-five persons during the past season.

CINCINNATI has 98,800 females and 96,021 males in its population.

CAKES of ice from the mountains are floating down the Missouri River.

TWO of the largest Boston millinery houses employ none but male workmen.

CALIFORNIA is building horse-cars on a new plan—the horse covered by the roof.

NINE out of the eleven members of Congress just elected from Indiana are lawyers.

WESTERN corn husks have given large numbers of hogs a disease called the "mad itch."

THERE are 42,793 families in Cincinnati to 25,175 dwellings—about 1.68 families to a house.

SELMA, Ala., has a public library. It was established by the Chamber of Commerce of that city.

ACTIVE preparations are in progress in St. Louis to celebrate the hundredth birthday of Beethoven.

A KENTUCKY farmer has produced a pumpkin weighing 135 pounds, and seven feet in circumference.

THE census of Philadelphia is to be retaken, by order of the President, in order to satisfy the grumblers.

THE shipments of fruit from Centralia, Ill., during the past season, amount, in the aggregate, to 151,828 bushels.

SOME ruffian at Evansville, Ind., recently indulged in the fiendish sport of cutting the tongues out of live cows.

THE business men of Portland are making arrangements to establish a line of packets between that city and New Orleans.

THE ferrymasters of White Cloud, Kan., have been kept unusually busy this year in conveying immigrants across the river.

THE Christian ladies of Chicago have reformed and provided situations for 2,350 abandoned females during the past year.

A FACTORY in Stamford, Conn., closed its doors to allow the workmen to go nutting, and they, all together, found 110 chestnuts.

PORTSMOUTH butchers are predicting a severe winter, because they find the autumn fleeces of sheep and lambs unusually close and heavy.

ONLY two hundred and ninety-four of the five hundred and two Congregational churches in Massachusetts have resident pastors.

THE old Columbia turnpike, on the road from Washington to Bladenburgh, has been abolished by an order of the Supreme Court.

THE Philadelphians have paid for theatrical amusements this year, up to the 1st of October, four hundred and sixty thousand eight hundred and forty dollars.

A YOUNG painter, who does not rank as an artist, recently caused a good deal of gossip in the neighborhood of Wabashaw, Ill., by eloping with the daughter of a prominent clergyman of that place.

THE Faculty of Dartmouth College have restored the game of football to the students, on condition that the latter shall agree to comply with the regulations, and be governed in disputes by an umpire.

A CORPORATION, to be known as the Atlanta (Ga.) Real Estate Association, was recently organized in that city, with a capital of \$2,000 in shares of \$1 each, with the privilege of increasing the amount to \$4,000.

CONSIDERABLE excitement appears to have been occasioned at St. Joseph, Mo., recently, by a disclosure of the fact that \$30,000 appropriated for the building of a bridge by the city had been made away with in one day.

THE receipts of cotton at Macon, Ga., for the week ending November 3, were 6,019 bales—the heaviest for any one week since the close of the war. At fourteen cents per pound for 5,280 bales, the aggregate would be \$360,000.

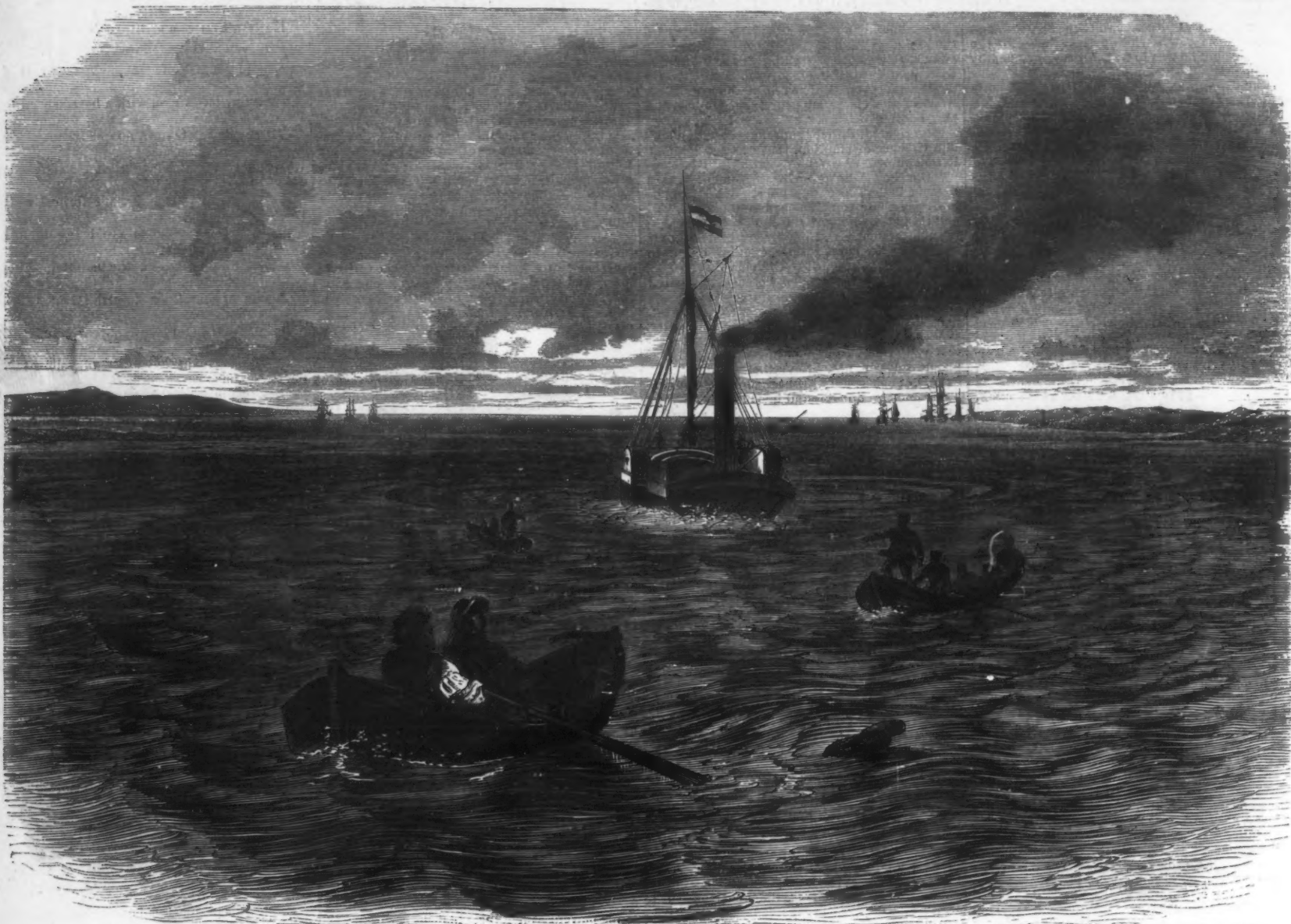
IT is five years since nitro-glycerine came into use. The one thousand seven hundred persons whom it has killed or maimed for life, and the millions of property which it has destroyed, may be styled recommendations of its efficiency.

A FOUNDLING left at the door of a Milwaukee house last week is described in a local paper as a pretty baby, with big brown eyes, and of temperate habits, no doubt, although her complexion just at present is rather suggestive of gin toddies.

THE largest raft ever floated on the Mississippi River was landed recently at Muscatine, Ia. It contained 2,536,756 feet of lumber, with a top lading of 1,000,000 of lath and 40,000 pickets, covering a space of four acres, and was worth \$42,039.71.

A SEARCH for treasure hidden away in the mountains of Upper East Tennessee fifty years ago by counterfeiters was lately commenced under the auspices of a youth to whom the secret had been confided by one of the gang, when the latter was on his deathbed.

A LARGE machine called a wheel-jointer, used to joint staves, exploded the other day in Fort Wayne, Ind., from a defective casting, while a number of persons were near, without doing any serious injury. One boy was hurt, and the machine completely destroyed.



GERMANY.—MOUTH OF THE ELBE.—CAPTURE OF TWO FRENCH SPIES ON THE RIVER ELBE BY A PRUSSIAN GUNBOAT.

FRENCH SPIES ON THE ELBE.

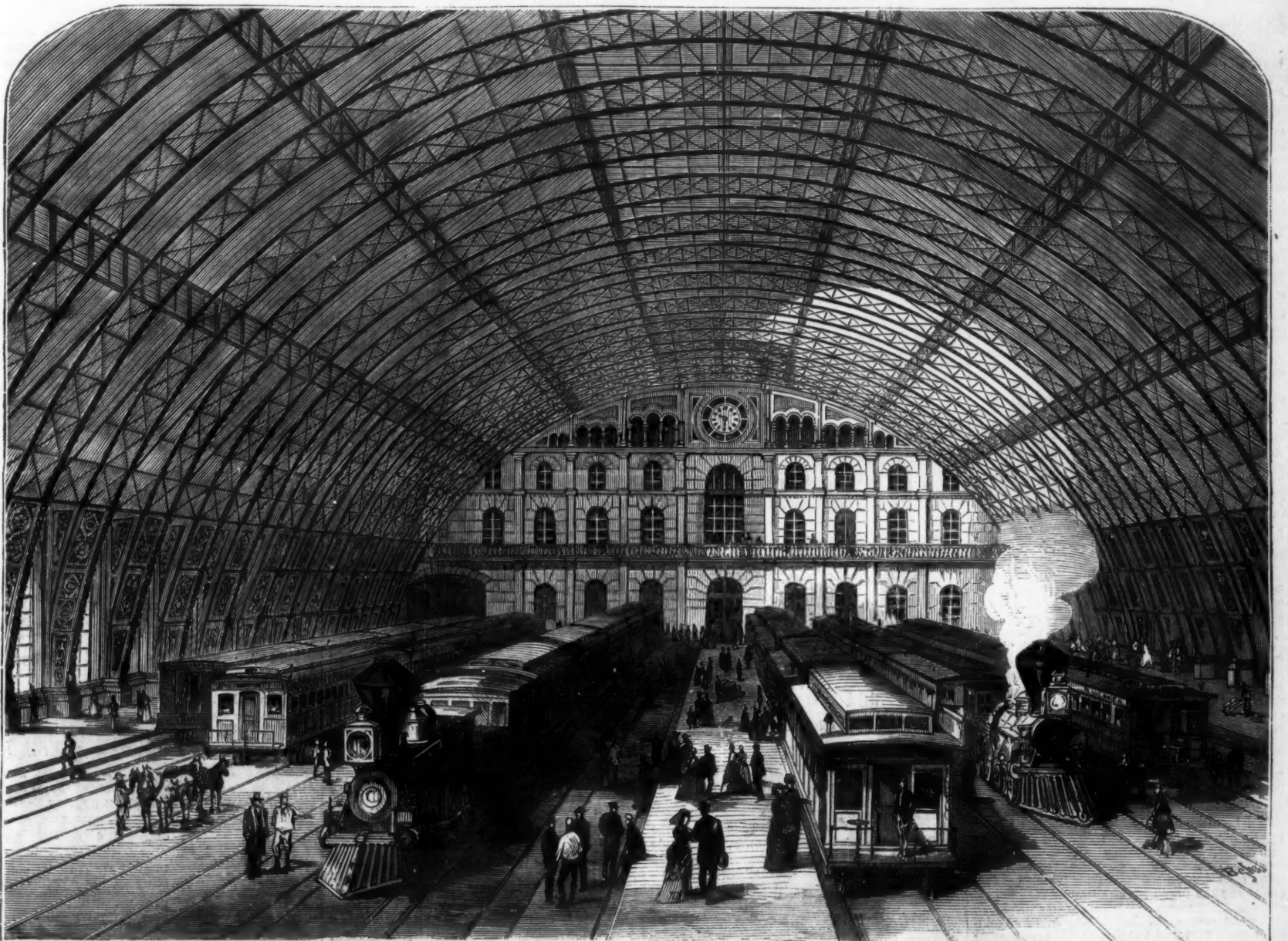
ONE night, while the French fleet was off Heligoland and the blockade of the German ports was strictly maintained, a couple of Frenchmen put off in a boat on an exploring tour up the Elbe. Having visited the places they wished, they rowed noiselessly back toward the vessel from which they had come, and which had moved several miles nearer in shore, to facilitate their escape, if pursued. About half-way back they were discovered by a German tugboat, cruising about the river, pursued and captured. They were sent to Magdeburg, the strongest fortress on the Elbe, and incarcerated in a cell, where they now remain, we believe.



FRANCE.—THE TENTS OF MACMAHON'S ARMY, USED AS HOSPITALS FOR PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORMS.—SEE PAGE 167.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW UNION DEPOT (NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION) FOR THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER AND NEW HAVEN AND HARLEM RAILROADS, FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 167.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW UNION DEPOT FOR THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER AND NEW HAVEN AND HARLEM RAILROADS, FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 167.

THE NEW DRIFT OF MONEY-CAPITAL.

The Secretary of the Treasury has given notice that he expects soon to begin funding the outstanding Five-Twenties into new Bonds, having from ten to forty years to run, and bearing 4, 4½ and 5 per cent. per annum, respectively. Preference is given to the subscribers to the new 5 per cent. Bonds in proportion to the amounts of the lower rate Bonds which accompany them. In other words, Mr. Boutwell expects to convert the fifteen hundred millions of Five-Twenties now out into the same amount of Bonds, whose average rate of interest he means to make as near 4½ per cent. interest as possible. Such is the steady advance of our national credit abroad, that Five-Twenties are now nearly at par in gold, and Ten-Forties are only a few points below them. With the cessation of war in Europe, and the return of capital and labor to our shores, the improvement must continue to increase until the Secretary is enabled to give notice that the old Bonds, upon which the privilege of redemption is already reached, will be paid off, and after a certain date, cease to bear interest.

It is a pertinent question of the day, especially to capitalists and holders of Government Bonds, "What new channel will this amount of capital, now fixed, be likely to flow into?" Will the holders consent to accept the new 4½ per cent. Bonds in exchange, or will they abandon Government Bonds to foreigners, national banks and the like, with whom the lower rates of interest are satisfactory? Now, 4½ per cent. is a low rate of interest for this country; although there is every probability that as property accumulates the tendency of the interest-rates will be lower; yet the average for the older States is nearer 6 per cent., and in the Western States nearer 10 per cent. The guarantee and superior mobility of Government Bonds are advantages which will always tell in their favor. Before the war, there were many corporate and private parties whose credit ranked equally high with that of the United States. There are some of them to-day whose securities have equal readiness of sale, with nearly equal market values. The issue of paper money, and the outpouring of twenty-five hundred millions of interest-bearing obligations of the Government, created a revolution in our banking and financial usage. Will not the withdrawal of these vast sums into the Sinking Fund bring about a counter-current?

A railroad is about the most indestructible and powerful and wealth-producing agent known to our time. The whole people have grown sick of railroad stocks or shares, for they are too much connected with gambling risks. But Mortgage Bonds are a safe compromise between an unwieldy lien on real estate and the more mobile but more treacherous stocks.

In railroad mortgages, however, as in most investments, selection is important. While there are few of which it may be said that they are baseless, there are some which are not only safe, and yielding a fair rate of interest, but which have such personal and material support that they will improve in estimation as time passes. Of the great railroads of the country, we have had occasion heretofore to refer to the Pacific Central Road, in which the Government has so large a moneyed interest, and which must be, for years, without a rival in revenues. Its securities are now regularly quoted at the money centres here and in Frankfurt. Beside it, perhaps, in importance, as we have said, may be placed the Great Central Line between the Atlantic and the West, the Chesapeake and Ohio, whose directory comprises some of the best names in American commerce. This line, which is nearing completion, will ultimately command an enormous freightage by reason of its short line between inland and sea navigation, its low grades and iron and coal deposits. There can be no better drift for unloosed capital than into the securities of such enterprises.

How Mr. James Edie was Cured of his Rupture.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:—
Perhaps there is nothing in this world can make a man feel more elated than to know that he has been cured of rupture. At all events this is my experience. In the pursuit of my business as woolen spinner I became badly ruptured in my right groin, and was compelled to use trusses, which were repugnant to me, particularly as I found no improvement from using them. Fortunately hearing of Dr. Sherman's success in curing this affliction by means of his Appliance and Compound, I came to this city to consult him, and was so fully inspired with confidence from my interview that I at once had the application made for cure. This was in the summer of 1869. I progressed from that time exceedingly well, not having afterward experienced any trouble from my rupture. In the month of July last, believing that I was entirely restored, I left off the Appliance, and having taken very severe exercise since without the slightest symptoms of anything like rupture, I feel assured in declaring that I am radically cured, and that considering the arduous nature of my engagements, any one may be cured by using the same remedies.

JAMES EDIE,
Warehouse Point, Conn.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22, 1870.

Of Dr. Sherman's ability, the Rev. J. V. Himes, editor of the *Advent Christian Times*, says: "I had an interview with Dr. Sherman, 697 Broadway. My special business was to see him and, if possible, get help for a bad and dangerous case of hernia. My interview with the Doctor was very pleasant and hopeful. He has invented new appliances, superior to any truss in the world. Besides, he entirely heals and cures his patients, so that they dispense with the instrument after a time."

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.—"In common with other large advertisers, we have had occasion to do business with Advertising Agents to a large extent. We have tried nearly all the various agencies, but came to the conclusion long ago that we could do better by giving our business to George P. Rowell & Co., No. 46 Park Row, New York, than by employing any other persons. They are prepared to insert an advertisement in one or four thousand papers, and at the publishers' lowest prices. We have tried them—doing business with them weekly—and we know they can do our advertising better and cheaper than we could do it ourselves. Having the most extensive facilities for doing business, they never make mistakes—at least, they never make mistakes on our work."—From *Hunter & Co.'s Star Spangled Banner*, Hinesdale, N. H.

We have frequently called attention to the organs and melodeons manufactured by E. P. Needham & Son (late Carhart & Needham), because we recognize in their work features that add greatly to the value of instruments designed for the church, the school and the fireside. Their "Silver Tongue" instruments are very properly named, for in power, purity and sweetness of tone, in their ability of emitting a quick utterance, and in their quality of keeping in good tune, they certainly answer the highest expectations. The beautiful *Four Humans*, and other nice,

chanical contrivances, increase the variety of effect, and render the organs all that can possibly be desired in such instruments.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST OF GENUINE WALTHAM WATCHES tells how and where they are made, describes the different grades, and gives weight and quality of the cases, with prices of each. We send them by express to any part of the country, with bill to Collect on Delivery, with privilege to the purchaser to examine the Watch before paying. No risk is taken by those who buy of us, as every Watch is warranted to give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. The prices of the Silver Watches range from \$16 upward, and the Gold Watches from \$70. When you write for a Price List, state that you saw this notice in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. Address HOWARD & CO., 785 Broadway, New York. 785-92

"OUR POPULAR SHIRTS," manufactured by Richard Meares, Nineteenth street and Sixth avenue, New York, are the *ne plus ultra* of shirt-making and shirt-fitting. These articles are made up in the most substantial manner, of the best materials, and at the lowest possible prices, as advertised on the last page of this paper. They are warranted to fit, and sent to any part of the country, C. O. D., for the price named.

A NOVEL and interesting newspaper, called *The American Journal of Microscopy*, is now in course of publication, monthly, at Chicago (G. Mead & Co., 182 South Clark street), which should command the interest and support both of scientists and amateurs.

For Freckles, Tan, Moth-Patches, and Sallowness.

Use DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Prepared by him the past thirty-one years, and positively reliable, and warranted free from lead and all mineral astringents. To be had at Dr. Gouraud's old depot, 48 Bond St., N. Y., and dealers.

THE SONG GARDEN.

Annual Sale, 40,000 Copies.
A series of Music Books adapted to Schools of all grades. Each book complete in itself.

By Dr. LOWELL MASON.

The Song Garden. *First Book*. For beginners, with a variety of easy and pleasing songs. 60 cts.
The Song Garden. *Second Book*. In addition to a practical course of instruction, it contains a choice collection of School Music. 80 cts.
The Song Garden. *Third Book*. Besides a treatise on Vocal Culture, with Illustrations, Exercises, Solfege, etc., it contains new music adapted to High Schools, Seminaries, etc. \$1.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

LATEST IMPORTED TRICK NOVELTIES.

Magic Money Box, \$1; Magic Imp Bottle, \$1; Magic Cannon, \$1; Magic Segar Case, \$3; Magic Two-Cent Box, \$1.50; The Three Magic Babies, \$2; Magic Wedding Rings, \$1.50; Magic Money Tilt, \$1.50; Magic Bag and Egg, \$1.50; Magic Invisible Finger, \$1; Magic Barrel, \$1.50; Comical Donkey, \$1; Magic Photographs, five assorted packages, \$1. Full directions sent with each trick.

GOOD BOOKS.

Five Hundred Puzzles, 40c.; Parlor Tricks, 40c.; Tableaux, 40c.; Dialogues, 40c.; Comic Speeches, 40c.; 1,400 Conundrums, 40c.; Fortune-Teller, 25c.; Courtship Made Easy, 25c.; Bridal Etiquette, 25c.; Correct Letter-Writer, 25c.; True Marriage Guide, 50c.; How to Win a Sweetheart or Lover, 40c.; Correct Etiquette, 25c.; Comic Jokes, 25c. Books and Tricks sent, postage paid, by
W. C. WEMYSS,
8 Astor Place, New York.

\$10 to \$25. Genuine Oroide Gold Watches. Address John Foggan, Manufacturer, 79 Nassau St., N. Y. 791-803

\$1,500 A YEAR!
WANTED AGENTS to sell the Universal Sewing Machine, size 12 in. long, by 8 in. height, of great capacity and durability, works on a new principle. Price complete, \$15.00, sent C. O. D. Address **Universal S. M. Co.**, 68 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass. 791-802

STAMMERING cured by BATES' APPLIANCES. For description, address SIMPSON & Co., Box 5,076, N. Y. 791-802

LUXURIOUS SLEEPING!
Elastic Sponge
BEDDING.

No Insects!
No Dust!
No Packing!

Cleanest, Sweetest, Most Durable
and Economical
IN USE.

References Furnished from the Most
Prominent People in the City.

Every good housewife should call and examine the goods at our salesrooms, 524 Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Circulars and samples furnished on application to

AMERICAN PATENT SPONGE CO.,

524 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. 791-802

\$250 A MONTH, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. Address **S. M. SPRINGER**, Brattleboro, Vt. 791-807

DRYGOODS.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue.
In consequence of the late decline in gold our immense stock of Fall and Holiday Goods will be at once reduced 25 to 50 per cent.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue.
100 boxes Silk Cloak Velvets, full width, \$6, \$8 and \$10; worth \$10, \$12 and \$15. Real Lyons Velvets, 26, 28 and 30 inches wide, 1,000 yds. Colored Bonnet Velvets, \$1.25.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue.
200 yds. Gros Grain and Taffeta Silks in Black and all colors, at \$1, \$1.50 and \$2; worth at least \$2.75. Magnificent Gros Grain Silk, \$2.35; elsewhere, \$4 per yard.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue.
Our best \$1 Alpaca reduced to 80c. Our best 75c. Alpaca reduced to 60c. Our best 60c. Alpaca reduced to 50c. Our best 50c. Alpaca reduced to 40c.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue.
Our best 37c. Alpaca reduced to 31c. Our best 31c. Alpaca reduced to 25c. Our best \$1 Serge Plaids, all Wool, reduced to 85c. this week.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue.
Silk Epaulettes reduced to 75c. 1,000 yds. new Fall Dress Goods down to 22c. Immense variety of Dress Goods on hand, all at reduced prices.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue.
Fine Muslin Walking Skirts, 20 trunks, \$1; worth \$1.50. Black Alpaca Walking Suits complete for \$6. Very handsome suits, elegantly made, \$12 each.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue.
Elegant Morning Wrappers, trimmed in Satin; Ladies' and Misses' Suits in every variety; Morning and Evening Dresses, Frocnade Dresses, Carriage Robes, etc.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue.
\$100,000 stock of Real Laces marked down to less than cost of importation. 100 cartons Black Silk Sash Ribbons, 80c.—a very unusual bargain.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue.
Real Morocco Pocketbooks, 50c. (embroidered inside, and worth \$1.50). Lubin's genuine Powders, 25c. gr. lb. Lubin's genuine Perfumes, 80c. per bottle. An immense variety of Fancy Goods, etc., etc.

ALTMAN BROS., 331 & 333 Sixth Ave.

AT EHRLICH'S

TEMPLE OF FASHION.

ENTIRE STOCK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, TO MAKE ROOM FOR

TOYS AND HOLIDAY GOODS

Now constantly arriving from the CUSTOM HOUSE.

IMMENSE BARGAINS!

Our \$2.00 Velvet reduced to \$1.75.

Our 75c. Velvet reduced to 50c.

IMMENSE REDUCTION IN FEATHERS.

To make room for TOYS AND HOLIDAY GOODS, which we sell at less than ever before offered in this city.

We import our own TOYS AND HOLIDAY GOODS.

Our 25c. Feathers reduced to 10c.

Our 40c. Feathers reduced to 15c.

Our dollar long Black Ostrich reduced to 50c.

And everything in like proportion.

Call early.

No Humbug.

Everything reduced to make room for

Holiday Goods and Toys.

Bonnet-frames, 15c.; Jockey-frames, 10c.

At Ehrlich's Temple of Fashion,

287 EIGHTH AVENUE (between 24th and 25th streets).

ABRAHAM BININGER,

(OF LATE FIRM OF A. BININGER & CO.)

Commission Merchant,

No. 39 BROAD STREET.

WINES, LIQUORS, Etc., Etc.

HARTSHORN'S

SHADE ROLLERS.

At the principal Upholsterers.

No Cords or Balances used.

Models and Price Lists sent to the Trade.

790-93 62 Centre Street.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!—No charge

will be made if DR. TOBIAS'S CELEBRATED

VENETIAN LINIMENT does not cure Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Mumps, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs, when applied externally, and Croup, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Sea-Sickness, etc., internally. Warranted to be perfectly safe to give or apply to the youngest child. It has been twenty-six years before the public, and never has failed. Sold by all the druggists.

AGENTS WANTED, IN EVERY SECTION

of the country, to sell the HISTORY OF THE

WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND PRUSSIA, by L. P.

Brockett, M.D. The most popular and best selling

book of the year. Sample sent, postpaid, on receipt

of \$1.50. Send for circular. Address GAYLORD

WATSON, Publisher, 16 Beekman St., N.Y. 791-4

WATCH FREE, AND \$30 A DAY

SURE, and no humbug. Address LATT &

CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. 791-94

HOLIDAY JOURNAL

for 1871 contains a

Steel-Plate Maps of AMERICA and EUROPE,

Splendid Plays, Magic Sports, etc.; 48 pages; illus-

trated. Sent free on receipt of one stamp for post-

age. Address ADAMS & CO., Publishers, Boston,

Mass. 791-92

\$40 A DAY.—LLOYD'S Patent Revolving Double

Steel-Plate Maps of AMERICA and EUROPE,

for 1871, showing from ocean to ocean; 54x50 inches

large, with the United States County Map on reverse

side with 1,000,000 names. Price, mounted, only \$1;

Sheets, 30 cents. 100 copies a day sold. Lloyd made

all the Maps used by Gens. Grant, McClellan, Sher-

man, Sheridan, etc., etc., during the war. Send

money and see Maps first; if not sold, taken back on

demand. E. LLOYD, 30 Broadway, New York.

Box 4,540.

\$30 PER WEEK. Agents wanted in

every town. Samples free. Address C. W.

DENNIS, Rochester, N. Y. 798-95

A HANDSOME FULL-GILT PHOTO-

graph Album, holding 20 full-size Pictures,

mailed, post-paid, for 25 cents; 5 for \$1; \$2.25 per

dozen. Circulars free. Address CHARLES S. RILEY,

Holland, N. Y. 798-907

DRYGOODS.

Go to O'Neill's,

329 SIXTH AVENUE,

FOR SILK VELVETS AND DRESS TRIMMINGS.

100 pieces Black Silk Velvet, \$1.50, worth \$2.

100 pieces Black Silk Velvet, \$1.35, worth \$2.25.

Extra fine Trimming Velvet, \$2.50.

20-inch extra quality Trimming Velvet, \$3, worth \$4.

20-inch extra quality Trimming Velvet, \$3.75; cost

more in gold.

20-inch very fine Trimming Velvet, \$4.50, worth \$6.

All shades of Colored Velvets.

Go to O'NEILL'S, 329 Sixth Avenue, for

French and English Round Hats.

All shapes Silk Velvet Hats, \$2.50.

Finest quality Felt Hats, only \$1.48, worth \$2.50.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

The largest and best assortment of Ostrich Plumes,

Ostrich Tips, Fancy Feathers, finest Goods im-

ported.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

French Flowers, Natural Roses.

Sash Ribbons, selling off below cost.

100 Cartons 7-inch Black Ribbons, 60c., worth \$1.

50 Cartons Roman Sash Ribbons, \$1, worth \$1.50.

Complete Assortment of Gros Grain.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

Kid Gloves, two buttons, \$1.35, worth \$1.75; all new

shades.

Black Crapes, cut bias.

Thread Lace, Fine French Laces.

Nets of all kinds.

Call and see our prices.

All Goods marked in plain figures.

H. O'NEILL & CO., 329 Sixth Av.,

Between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets.

At Richard Meares',

Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.

NOW OPENING AN ENTIRE

NEW STOCK OF FALL GOODS,

WHICH I AM SELLING AT

Remarkably low prices. These goods are of

best quality, carefully selected for first-class trade,

equal to any to be found on Broadway, and at much

lower prices.

Black Dress Silks, excellent quality, \$1.50, \$1.63 and

\$1.75.

Very superior article do., \$2, \$2.25 and \$2.50.

Fine Black and Colored Bonnet Velvets, \$1.75, \$1.88,

\$2 and \$2.25.

Best Black and Colored Bonnet Velvets, \$2.50, \$2.75

and \$3.

6, 7 and 8-inch Black and Colored Sash Ribbons, 75c.,

85c., 95c. and \$1 per yard.

Fine Clanking Velvets, 25 inches wide, \$5, \$5.50, \$6

and \$7 per yard.

Rich Velveteens, 75c., \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Choice Patterns Real Valenciennes and Guipure Laces,

Hosiery, Gloves, Undergarments, Corsets, Hoop-

skirts, Handkerchiefs and Collars.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

Large and choice assortment at extremely low prices.

RICHARD MEARES,

Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.

TO THE LADIES.

IF YOU DESIRE TO USE THE

BEST THREAD

For Your Sewing-Machines,

ASK FOR

CLARK'S O. N. T.

SPOOL COTTON,

GEORGE A. CLARK, Sole Agent,

AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Ladies', Gentlemen's & Youths'

OUTFITTING DEPARTMENTS,

Where every requisite appertaining to these

branches can be found

At the Very Lowest Prices.

HOSIERY & UNDERGARMENTS.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.,

BROADWAY, CORNER 19TH STREET.

JUST RECEIVED, A CASE OF

RICH LACES,

CONTAINING:

REAL POINT AND APPLIQUE SHAWLS AND

FLOUNCINGS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THIS WEEK WILL BE PUBLISHED
No. 1, price Ten Cents, of

FRANK LESLIE'S
MODENWELT,

a superbly gotten-up weekly paper for the ladies,
printed in the

GERMAN LANGUAGE,

containing SIXTEEN PAGES, filled with exquisite en-
gravings, illustrating the latest styles in

FASHION AND NEEDLEWORK.

This beautiful paper is edited by several ladies of
TASTE AND REFINEMENT,

who will give special attention to everything which
appertains to the wardrobe of ladies and children, to
family workmanship and amusements.

It is intended that this paper shall be complete in
all its departments.

NO. 1 OF

FRANK LESLIE'S MODENWELT

WILL CONTAIN UPWARD OF

SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

of the Latest Styles now in vogue in the Great Centres
of Fashion; also, a large

Pattern Sheet,

containing numerous Models, so that ladies can

CUT THEIR OWN GARMENTS.

Besides the Fashion Department, the paper will
contain

EIGHT PAGES OF CHOICE LITERATURE,

consisting of Tales, Sketches of Travel, Biography,
and other useful and entertaining matter, all

Illustrated in the Highest Style of Art.

EVERY LADY

who speaks or reads the German language should
subscribe at once for this beautiful paper.

For sale at all News Depots, or send the following
amounts to the publisher and you will receive this
beautiful paper punctually every week:

Single numbers 10 cents.
Three months \$1 00.
Six months 2 00.
One year 4 00.
Two copies, one year 7 00.

Five copies, one year, in one wrapper, to one ad-
dress, \$20, with extra copy to the person getting up
the club.

Specimen copies will be sent by mail to any person
writing for one.

Address
FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

PICTORIAL HISTORY
OF THE

Franco-German War.

Shortly will be published from this office, in
the German Language, a

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

History of the Great War between Germany and
France, in which will be introduced

Large and Accurate Engravings
of every

EVENT OF IMPORTANCE

which has transpired since the

EMPEROR NAPOLEON

declared war against Prussia. It will include pic-
tures of the battle-fields of Saarbrück, Woerth, Weis-
enburg, Sedan, Metz, etc., etc.

The text of the book will be historically accurate;
and the whole will form a handsome work of refer-
ence.

FRANK LESLIE,
537 PEARL STREET.

A NEW NOVEL

BY

ANNIE THOMAS:

MY FATHER'S WIFE;

OR,

ONE FALSE STEP REQUIRES ANOTHER.

A new and original novel, by Annie Thomas, author
of "Dennis Donne," "High Stakes," "The Dower
House," etc., etc., will begin in No. 289 of FRANK
LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER (for which paper it
has been expressly written), ready November 14.

To readers of the purest and best style of English
fiction such a novel needs no commendation. It is
full of interest and well-drawn character.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY COR-
NER is on sale every Monday at all news de-
pots. Single copies, 10 cents; subscription, \$4
a year.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,

(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue.)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF

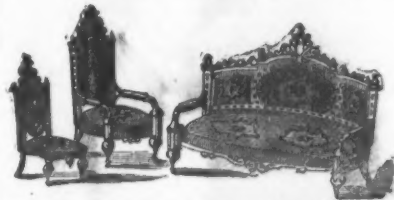
PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM

Furniture, Carpets,

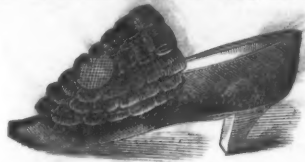
Oil-Cloths, Mattresses,

Spring Beds, Etc.,

of any house in the United States, which they offer at
Retail and Wholesale prices.



NUNNS & SEIL,
349 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S
FRENCH BOOTS AND SHOES.
Special attention given to custom work.

"Our Home" Laundry.

PUNCTUALITY AND EXCELLENCE.

21 AMITY STREET.

Lace Curtains, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Wear, etc.,
etc., done up in a superior style. Goods sent for and
delivered. Orders will receive prompt attention.

E. BAKER & CO.,
40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Foreign and Native Still and
Sparkling Wines.

CORDIALS, FRENCH LIQUEURS, CURACAO, ANI-
SETTE, ABSINTHE, GRANDE
CHARTREUSE, ETC.

THE BEST AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE.

SYPPER & CO.,

(Successors to D. Marley),

No. 557 Broadway, New York,

DEALERS IN

Modern and Antique Furniture, Bronzes
China, and Articles of Vertu.

A GREAT OFFER!!

HORACE WATERS, 451 Broadway, New York, will
dispose of one hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Or-
gans of six first-class makers, including Chickering &
Sons, at extremely low prices, for cash, during this
month, or will take from \$4 to \$20 monthly until
paid; the same to let, and rent money applied if pur-
chased.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY
OF CUBA.
Conducted by the SPANISH GOV-
ERNMENT. \$300,000 in GOLD.
Drawn every Seventeen Days. Prizes
paid in Gold, and information fur-
nished. The highest rates paid for
Doubles, and all kinds of Gold and Silver; also for
all Government Securities. TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,
10 Wall St., N. Y.

\$1,800 IN CASH

Can be made easy, without capital, in six months, by
either lady or gentleman. Respectable employment.
Enclose 10 cents for samples. Address P. O. Box
3,696, New York. G. E. ALZORA, M.D.

VINEGAR. How made from Ci-
der Wine, Molasses, or
Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circu-
lar, address F. L. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Ct.
778-829

Local Agents Wanted.

I want a local agent in every town and
village in the country to canvass for the
WESTERN WORLD. A Magnifi-
cent \$5 Premium Steel Engraving
to every subscriber. From \$1 to \$10
can be easily made in an evening. Liberal
cash commission allowed. Send stamp
for SPECIMENS AND PRIZE CIRCULAR.
JAMES R. ELLIOTT, Boston, Mass.
700-93

Wanted --- Agents
\$75 to \$250 per month, everywhere,
male, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED
COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.
This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt,
cord, blind, braid and embroider in a most superi-
or manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and
warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 for
any machine that will sew a stronger, more beau-
tiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes
the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch
can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled
apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from
\$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a commis-
sion from which twice that amount can be made.
Address SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pitts-
burgh, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo., or Chicago, Ill.
788-800

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make \$1,000 a
month, secure their own happiness and independence, by ob-
taining PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, or SOUL
CHARMING. 40 pages, cloth. Full instructions to use this
power over men or animals at will how to mesmerize, become
France or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy,
Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem,
Guide to Marriage, etc., all contained in this book, 100,000 sold;
price by mail, in cloth \$1.25, paper covers \$1. Notice.—Any
person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the
work free. As no capital is required, all desirous of profitable em-
ployment should send for the book, enclosing 10 cents, for postage,
to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
791-801eow

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY
of \$30 per week and expenses, or allow a
large commission, to sell our new and wonderful in-
ventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall,
Miss. 788-88

Newspaper
Advertising.

A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately
issued, contains a list of the best American
Advertising Mediums, giving the names, cir-
culation, and full particulars concerning the
leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family
Newspapers, together with all those having
large circulations, published in the interest of
Religion, Agriculture, Literature, &c., &c.
Every Advertiser, and every person who con-
templates becoming such, will find this book
of great value. Mailed free to any address on
receipt of fifteen cents. GEO. P. BOWELL
& CO., Publishers, No. 40 Park Row, New York.
The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Leader, in its issue of May 29,
1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Bowell & Co., which
issues this interesting and valuable book, is the
largest and best Advertising Agency in the
United States, and we can cheerfully recommend
it to the attention of those who desire to advertise
their business scientifically and systemat-
ically in such a way: that is, so to secure the
largest amount of publicity for the least ex-
penditure of money."

FRANK LESLIE'S



A NEW VOLUME

of the CHIMNEY CORNER has just begun with such
an array of attractions as must convince all lovers
of good stories and splendid illustrations that it is,
above all and beyond all,

THE PAPER for the DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

In the new volume will begin two of the best con-
tinued stories of the day:

NO. 1

MY FATHER'S WIFE;

OR,

One False Step Requires Another.

A new and original novel, written expressly for the
"CHIMNEY CORNER," by Annie Thomas, author of
"Dennis Donne," "High Stakes," "The Dower House,"
etc., etc., and recognized as one of the best writers of
fiction in England. It is a novel of social life, power-
ful and full of character, unraveling one of those
dramas that are so often enacted within those do-
mestic walls where all seems happiness and enjoy-
ment.

To the thousands who have read and enjoyed her
previous novels, we need make no further comment.

NO. 11.

THE TOAD GIRL.

A remarkably clever novel, by the well-known author
of "A Living Life," will surpass that popular story in
its dramatic vigor and intense interest. Every char-
acter is lifelike, and strange as some may appear,
they are well sustained, show no exaggeration, and
win a way to our interest and sympathy.

OUR SHORT STORIES

will be of the highest order, and no volume will show
a greater variety of tales of passion, adventure, love,
humor, or pathos.

Besides this, the CHIMNEY CORNER abounds in
interesting and instructive matter: Travels, Manners
and Customs, Biographies of Self-made Men, of the
great Men of the Past, Anecdotes of Courage, Heroism
and Adventure, Natural History in its interesting and
attractive forms, Games, Puzzles, and other special
matter for the young, with Essays for all ages.

CHIMNEY CORNER GIFT PLATES.

With the early numbers of the Twelfth Volume
we give, gratis, a series of chromo-lithographs such
as have never been equaled on this side of the At-
lantic. They will be appreciated everywhere, as the
subjects are such as speak to all, and such as will be
enjoyed in every family circle, by old and young, while
the excellent execution heightens the charm.

With No. 289, which appears November 28th,

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

With No. 290, issued December 5th,

THE DONKEY'S BREAKFAST.

With No. 291, issued December 12th,

"DON'T BE IMPATIENT, CHILDREN."

With No. 292, issued December 19th,

"I HAVE SEEN WORSE-LOOKING GIRLS THAN
THAT."

With the New Year a new and deeply interesting
Novel by PIERCE EGAN will be commenced.

Single numbers 10 cents—\$4 a year. Sent to any
address for three months for \$1.

Ready every Monday at all News Depots.

This is no Humbug!

BY SENDING 30 CENTS AND STAMP.
With age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will
receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your
future husband or wife, with name and date of mar-
riage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 33, Fulton-
ville, N. Y. 788-840

NEW BOOKS, ETC.

MR. LESLIE announces that he will shortly
publish for the holidays the handsomest book
of the season, entitled

Mountains and Lakes

OF

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY,

Illustrated with sixty-four picturesque views, after
original drawings by C. Plac, executed in the highest
style of

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

This work has been two years in preparation. Its
size will be small quarto, and the paper, thick as
cardboard, of the finest quality.

TEXT BY THE REV. JEROME J. MERCIER.

This volume will not alone be valuable to the lover
of Fine Arts and beautiful scenery, but will form a
most precious souvenir to all who have visited the
romantic lands of Switzerland and Italy.

It contains faithful pictures of the finest scenery,
elaborated in the highest style of art, accompanied by
a most entertaining and instructive description, and
historical reminiscences, and forms one of the most
beautiful and attractive Gift Books of the Season.

NEARLY READY, AND SHORTLY WILL
BE ISSUED,

THE BEST COOKERY BOOK EVER
PUBLISHED, containing

Six Hundred Wood Engravings

AND

Seventy-Two Colored Illustrations,

Showing how to Cook, Dish Up, and Carve every
known dish.

1140 PAGES, ELEGANTLY BOUND.

MRS. BEETON'S BOOK

OF

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT,

Containing information indispensable to the Mistress,
the Housekeeper, Cook, Butler, Coachman, Valet,
Kitchen, House, and Lady's Maid, as well as the
Nurse, Nursemaid, and every other Domestic; also
Sanitary, Medical, and Legal Memoranda for the guid-
ance of our daily business, with a history of the origin,
properties, and uses of all things connected with
Home Life, Welfare, and Comfort.

By MRS. ISABELLA BEETON.

This is not only the most perfect and comprehensive
Cookery Book ever prepared, but contains a mass of
valuable information useful to every household.

As a Wedding Gift, Birthday Book, or Presentation
Volume at any period of the year, or upon any anni-
versary whatever, Mrs. Beeton's work on Household
Management is entitled to the very first place.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
537 PEARL STREET, N. Y.

A Musical Box for \$2.

The French great sensation; novelty, cheapness,
durability, in a highly polished case, metallic tongues,
brilliant in tone; of the best construction, with the
most recent improvements; new pattern. Eight se-
lect airs, eminently adapted for the drawing-room
table. Guaranteed of the best workmanship and per-
formance. Thousands sold monthly. No. 1, 8 tunes,
\$2; No. 2, 14 tunes, \$3; No. 3, 24 tunes, \$5. Sent
free by mail on receipt of price. Send stamp for illu-
strated catalogue with list of tunes. Try none other.
Address WM. BROOKS & CO.,
788-91 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

\$25 A DAY! 40 new articles, 10 cents
Samples free. H. R. SHAW, Alfred, Me.
782-94

\$10 A DAY!—Business entirely new. Circulars free.
Address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.

50,000 Boys and Girls

WANTED, one in every neighborhood, to act as agent
for our Bright Side, Juvenile Books, Pictures, and
other novel and useful articles. Good pay in cash,
and permanent employment for leisure hours.
789-92 JOHN E. ALDEN & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

\$3 Watch! \$3 Watch!

THE GREAT EUROPEAN

Eureka Aluminum Gold Watch Co.

HAVE APPOINTED

J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., JEWELERS,

561 Broadway, New York,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S.

And have authorized them to sell their great
EUREKA ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES for Three Dol-
lars, and to warrant each and every one to keep cor-
rect time for one year. This Watch we guarantee to
be the best and cheapest timekeeper that is now in
use in any part of the globe. The works are in
double cases, Ladies' and Gents' size, and are beau-
tifully chased. The cases are made of the metal now
so widely known in Europe as Aluminum Gold. It
has the exact color of Gold, which it always retains;
it will stand the test of the strongest acids; no one
can tell it from Gold only by weight, the Aluminum
Gold being one-fourth lighter. The works are all
made by machinery, the same as the well-known
American Watch. We pack the Watch safely in a
small box, and send it by mail to any part of the
United States on receipt of \$3.50; fifty cents for pack-
ing and postage. A key is sent free with each Watch.
Money should be sent by Post-Office Money Order, or
in a Registered Letter. Address all orders and com-
munications to

J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., Jewelers,
790-3 561 Broadway, New York.

GRANDMOTHER WASP.—Every boy
enjoys the wonderful story in FRANK LES-
LIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

OFFER A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Seal Sacques

At \$85, \$95, and \$110.

Astrakan Sacques

At \$40, \$50, and \$60.

ALL OF THEIR BEST MANUFACTURE, OF THE

Newest Patterns and Finish.

502 and 504 BROADWAY.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

OFFICE OF

Fisk & Hatch,
BANKERS,

AND

Dealers in Government Securities,
NO. 5 NASSAU STREET,

New York, November 10, 1870.

THE FUNDING OF UNITED STATES
FIVE-TWENTIES into a first-class security, paying the same rate of interest (six per cent., gold), and which cannot be called in under twenty-five years without the consent of the holder, may now be effected at a clear profit of about twenty per cent., by exchanging them for the FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

The advantage of the exchange is shown thus:

\$5,000 5-20s cost to-day.....	\$5,487.50	Annual interest in gold.....	\$300
\$5,000 C. P. R. R. Gold Bonds.....	5,400.00	Annual interest in gold.....	360
Gain, \$1,000 in Bonds, in cash.....	\$27.50	Gain in annual interest.....	\$60

The Central Pacific Bonds have the advantage of a ready market on both sides of the Atlantic, of regular quotations at the Stock Exchange, and are based on a finished and equipped road, already placed on a stable and profitable basis.

Having originally negotiated these bonds, and being thoroughly acquainted with their soundness and value, we have introduced them as a specialty in our regular business in connection with our dealings in Government Securities, and recommend them without hesitation to our friends and customers desiring to make investments or to fund their five-twenty-upon advantageous terms, without reduction of interest.

FISK & HATCH.**'OUR POPULAR SHIRTS'**

Made to order of Best Materials, and

WARRANTED TO FIT.

Sent by Express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

6 Shirts, Good Muslin and Linen Fronts,	\$ 9.00
6 " Better Muslin and Good Linen,	10.50
6 " Masonville Muslin and Fine Linen,	12.00
6 " Wamsutta Muslin and very Fine do,	13.50
6 " New York Mills and Best Linen,	15.00

RICHARD MEARES,

Successor to RONALDSON & MEARES,

IMPORTER AND RETAILER OF

HOSIERY AND FURNISHING GOODS,

COR. SIXTH AVE. AND NINETEENTH ST.

1,500 DISTRESSING CASES OF

CONSUMPTION

Cured without medicine. A grateful mother will cheerfully send the remedy free to any one afflicted. Address Mrs. C., care General Wilcox, Cohoes, N. Y. [788-010]

DOOLEY'S
THE YEAST BEST
POWDER
TRY IT, SOLD BY GROCERS.**SCHUETZE & LUDOLFF,**

452 Broome Street, 452

Sell their Celebrated

PATENT MONITOR PLATE PIANO, the best in the market, from now till February, with a deduction of 25 per cent. Pianos to let at easy terms. 789-800-0

A KEY THAT
WILL WIND ANY WATCH

AND NOT WEAR OUT.

Ask your watchmaker for it. Sample sent by mail for 50 cents. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 5 Maiden Lane.

45,000

Now in Use! Geo. A. Prince &

Co's ORGANS and

MELODEONS will be

delivered, in any part of the United States reached by Express (where they have no agent), free of charge, on receipt of list price. Send for Price Lists and Circulars.

Address GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.,

or GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

tfo

WANTED—AGENTS (\$20 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the under-feed, makes the "lock stitch" (allike on both sides), and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED (\$200 A MONTH) by the AMERICAN KNOTTING MACHINE CO., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO. 789-806-0

\$25 A Week Salary!—Young men wanted as local and traveling salesmen. Address (with stamp) R. H. WALKER, 34 Park Row, N.Y. [789-801-0]



HOFFMAN—"Well, Hall, we've cooked the Republican goose; it's kinder thin, ain't it?"
HALL—"You know how 'tis yourself, Hoff—we USED ALL THE STUFFING!"

150,000 Acres of Land for Sale.

THE McCREGOR AND MISSOURI RIVER RAILWAY COMPANY offer 150,000 acres of land for sale, at \$5 to \$10 per acre, in lots of forty acres and upward, situated in the counties of Howard, Cerro Gordo, Kossuth, Hancock, Palo Alto, Pocahontas and Lyon, in Northern Iowa, on the line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul, McGregor and Missouri River, and the Des Moines Valley Railroads. SOIL, rich black loam. LANDS, high rolling prairie, not subject to overflow. WATER abundant. TITLE from the U. S. Government. TERMS—7 per cent. per annum interest, and 10 per cent. per annum of the principal; or, if the purchaser improves the land, no payment for two years is required, except the taxes. CLIMATE, the best in the world. For Maps, Pamphlets, or other information, apply to

O. E. PALMER, Agent, Algona, Kossuth County, Iowa.

PRANG'S Latest Publications: "LAKE GEORGE," "WEST POINT," "JOY OF AUTUMN," "PRAIRIE FLOWERS."

PRANG'S Chromes, sold in all respectable Art Stores throughout the world.

PRANG'S Illustrated Catalogue sent free, on receipt of stamp, by L. PRANG & CO., Boston.

FALL**FURNISHING GOODS**

For Gentlemen,

For Ladies,

For Boys,

For Misses,

AT

Extremely Low Prices.

UNION ADAMS & CO.,

No. 637 Broadway.

STEREOPTICONS, MAGIC LANTERNS,

With a Stock of 10,000 Pictures to select from, always on hand. Made and for sale by

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,

924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia,

No. 5 Dey St., New York.

Catalogues of 88 pages sent on receipt of ten cents.

PHILOSOPHICAL APPARATUS,

Such as Thermometers, Barometers, Air-Pumps, Electric Machines, Rheukorff Coils, Geissler's Tubes, Magnetic and Galvanic Apparatus, Spectroscopes, etc., etc., made and for sale by

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,

924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia,

No. 5 Dey St., New York.

Catalogues of 64 pages sent on receipt of ten cents. 783-980-0

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

THE ADVERTISER, HAVING BEEN permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, etc. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,

165 South Second Street, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

701-07-cow-0

Do Your Own Printing.

PRINTING

Printing Machines of all kinds,

from \$2 to \$200. Send for circular.

PRINTER MFG. CO., 14 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

789-02-0

BALL, BLACK & CO.**565 and 567 Broadway,****NEW YORK,**

IN CLOSING OUT THEIR DEPARTMENT OF

Gas Fixtures,

offer their immense and entire stock of real and imitation bronze

Chandeliers, Brackets, Hall Lights, Portable Stands, Etc.,

At Less than the Actual Cost of Manufacture.

This is an opportunity seldom offered to those about furnishing

HOUSES, STORES, CHURCHES, Etc., for procuring the finest work and newest patterns at moderate prices.

A large stock of pattern molds to be sold cheap to the trade after March 1, 1871.

The sale will continue for about three months. o



DR. J. MARION SIMS says: "For some years I had given up the use of Cod Liver Oil altogether; but since my attention was called by Dr. Sayre to Moller's Oil, I have prescribed it almost daily, and have every reason to be perfectly satisfied with it." Sold by druggists. 788-800-cow-o.

GLEASON'S NOISELESS ARGAND GAS BURNERS; also, a Kerosene Argand Burner, giving the finest artificial lights in the world. Still as daylight. Circulars free. Agents wanted. 135 Mercer street, New York. 780-92-0

LEA & PERRINS'

WORCESTERSHIRE

SAUCE.

PRONOUNCED

BY

CONNOISSEURS

TO BE THE ONLY

GOOD Sauce,

And applicable to

EVERY VARIETY

OF

DISH.

Extract of a letter from a Medical Gentleman at Madras, to his Brother, at Worcester, May, 1851:

"Tell Lea & Perrins that their Sauce is highly esteemed in India, and, in my opinion, the most wholesome Sauce that is made."

At the Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner, and Supper Table, it imparts the most exquisite relish and zest to Soups, Fish, Hot or Cold Joint, Fowl, Game, etc.

The universal demand and excellence has led to many imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,

1 Union Square and 30 South William Street,

SPECIAL AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

Messrs. S. D. & H. W. SMITH,

MANUFACTURERS OF

The American Organ,

would inform the public that, while they are endeavoring, with the best light they have, to sustain the reputation of their instruments, and to make them in every way more attractive, they

DID NOT INVENT

the PIPES OF PAN, nor even the JEWSHARP, nor did they serve an apprenticeship with TUBAL CAIN, "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

They have, however, "voiced" organ reeds with a nicety that others have been glad to imitate, not equal, for a great many years, and long before any rival firm in this part of the world had puzzled over the process.

The fortunate person that has in late years "invented" the "voicing" of reeds, as has been absurdly claimed, must have accomplished a feat like that of the witty "AUTOCRAT," who, in speaking of picturesque and out-of-the-way nooks in Boston, says that he was the original discoverer of Myrtle street! Although the Messrs. Smith have no

PATENTED NOVELTIES

to offer, they beg leave to state that they, many years ago, originated the "IMPROVED TUBE BOARD" and "RESONANT AIR CHAMBER," now pressed into service as "novelties" elsewhere.

The value of these improvements is now fully attested by the efforts of others to fitch the credit.

Every essential element of the Reed Organ is now open to the use of every builder. There is no secret nor mystery—nothing but thorough, intelligent, artistic work. "Patented Improvements" are "springs to catch woodcocks."

The American Organ contains all the valuable features thus far combined in reed instruments.

Having the longest experience of any Eastern House, and possessing unsurpassed advantages for manufacture, the Messrs. Smith solicit the most rigid comparison in regard to

Tone, Solidity of Construction, and External Elegance.

Desirous of meeting the popular demand for a Good Instrument at a Low Price, they have made a few New Styles, with all solid excellences, and in cases of

NEW AND TASTEFUL DESIGNS,

At Prices ranging from \$100 to \$300.

These instruments cannot be surpassed by any of their class, either in quality or beauty.

An elegantly-illustrated Circular, containing descriptions and prices of over 30 styles, will be sent postpaid, on application.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH, Boston, Mass. o

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**RIMMEL'S 52 EXTRACTS**

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Trade Mark.



IRLANG-IRLANG,
VANDA,
WHITE ROSE,
GRANDE DUCHESS,
JOCKEY CLUB,
GUARDS,
CHINESE BOUQUET.

RIMMEL, Perfumer, Paris and London.

EDWARD GREY & CO.,

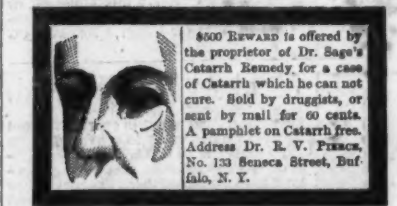
35 Vesey street, New York, Sole Agents for the U. S.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE

contains in every number one complete prize story valued at \$100. Forty pages of other matter. Yearly \$1. Sold by News-dealers at 10 cts. per copy. Splendid premiums—\$500 cash to be awarded for prize clubs. Specimen copy free.

787-980 Address S. S. WOOD, Newburgh, N. Y.

\$60 A WEEK PAID AGENTS IN A NEW BUSINESS. Address Saco Novelty Co., Saco, Me. 778-5830

**EDWARD SEARS'****ENGRAVING ESTABLISHMENT,**

48 BEEKMAN STREET, New York.

787-00-0

**F. J. KALDENBERG,**

MANUFACTURER OF

Meerschaum Pipes, Ambers, etc. Send

for circulars. Stores, 6 John St., up-

stairs, and 71 Nassau St., cor John St.

Rec'd the prize at the Paris Exhibit'n.

WINTER**EMPLOYMENT**

PERKINS & HOUSE'S PATENT

NON-EXPLOSIVE**METALLIC KEROSENE LAMP**

Is absolutely safe from explosion or breaking; burns any Coal Oil, good or bad gives more light, no odor, and uses less oil.

"It is perfectly non-explosive. The light is better than is produced by any other lamp."—W. S. Clark, President

Massachusetts Agricultural College.

"It is perfectly non-explosive, gives a better light and is more economical than any other lamp in use."—W.

H. Wells, late Superintendent of Public Schools, Chicago.

The appalling deaths and fires from glass lamps exploding and breaking create a great demand for this

lamp. It PAYS to sell it. The people like the lamp and welcome the agent. Sold by Canvassers! Agents

wanted everywhere. Send for circular and terms to

Montgomery & Co., Cleveland, O., or 42 Barclay

Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS'

WEEKLY—the best and most popular paper with the young—appears every Wednesday.

Price 5 cents; \$2.50 per annum.

SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

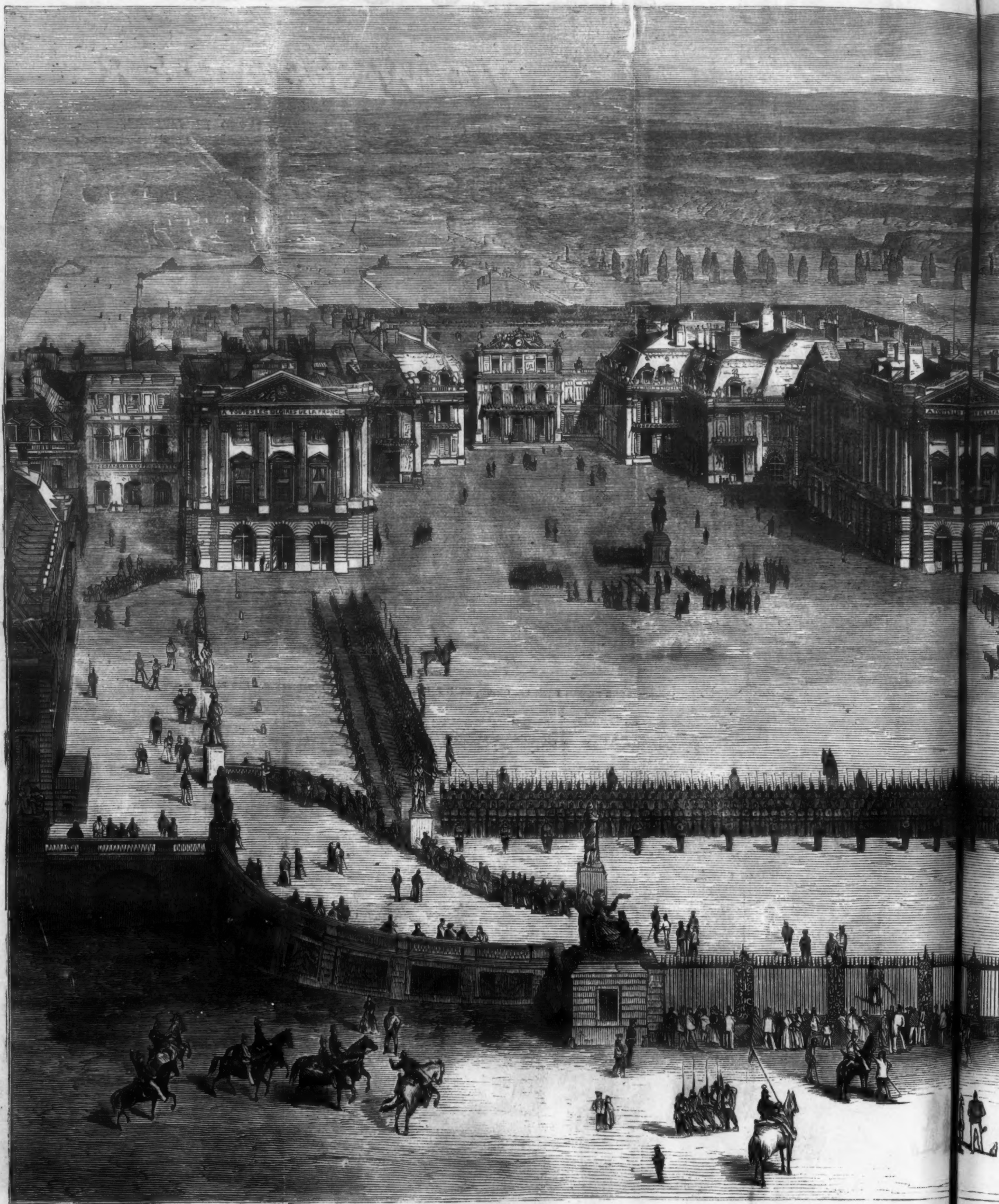
PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY WITH NO. 791 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



FRANCE.—THE EXODUS FROM ST. CLOUD, NEAR PARIS, OF FRIGHTENED INHABITANTS.—SEE PAGE 167.



FRANCE.—INSIDE PARIS.—THE SERGENTS-DE-VILLE, OR CITY POLICE, IN THEIR NEW COSTUMES.—SEE PAGE 167.



DISTRIBUTION OF THE IRON CROSS TO DESERVING PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS BY THE CROWN PRINCE, I



OWNCE, IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES, NEAR PARIS, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 167.



SCENE IN THE GARDEN OF THE CHATEAU MEUDON, NEAR PARIS, FRANCE—THE PRUSSIAN BARRICADE—"THE NOISE OF A SHELL."—See Page 167.